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THE REFUGEE SCANDAL

THERE are some defeats which are unavoidable consequences of past failures: these we can bear with equanimity. There are others which are the result of ignorance, panic and moral cowardice and which could be turned into victory by a little courage and common sense. Such defeats are intolerable. We have suffered one such defeat lately not at the hands of our enemies, but of our own rulers. Gradually we are beginning to feel that sense of guilty humiliation which the Government's treatment of German and Austrian refugees must necessarily arouse in a fundamentally decent people. Having received into our country some 60,000 victims of Hitler's cruelty, we have suddenly, under the incitement of the authorities, turned upon them as enemies, caged them behind barbed wire in camps with their Nazi enemies, without newspapers or wireless and often in the most unnecessary discomfort. We have broken up countless families, salvaged from the Nazi Hell, by shipping their men-folk to Canada without even notifying their wives, and driven brave men who had escaped from the concentration camp to fear and suicide. Worst of all, having given refuge to thousands of children, victims of racial persecution, we have permitted our own racialism to shadow their lives.

Despite the chatter of "well-informed" people, this policy was based upon no sound reasons of national security. There is no evidence whatsoever of any refugee Fifth Column. If any cases of espionage among the refugees had been discovered, they would surely have received publicity. No! this policy has been forced upon the country by the War Office, against the expert advice of Home Office officials, and is due to a panic unworthy of soldiers. It is the War Office which demanded the wholesale internments, manage the camps and ship the refugees in indiscriminate batches overseas. And Mr. Eden's answers to questions about the *Arandora Star* prove conclusively that the Brass Hats who give these orders have no idea who is a Fascist, who an anti-Fascist, who a Nazi thug and who a hero of the anti-Nazi illegal movement.

Nor does the War Office seem to be aware that in forcing these orders upon other departments it is seriously undermining our war effort. We need toolmakers: hundreds of Austrian toolmakers are interned. We need skilled metal workers: Czech trade unionists are refused permits to work. We need experts upon conditions inside Germany, propagandists and skilled journalists, wireless announcers—but the War Office condemns them as dangerous aliens—and before other Departments, for whom they are already working, can protest, they have arrived in Canada.

We suggest that it is high time that the Government reviewed the whole question. At present some 25,000 out of a total of nearly 60,000 have been transported or interned. But day by day fresh hundreds are being gathered in. There is still time to call off the chase and to turn the energy of our scalp-hunters to the real Fifth Column if it exists. Captain Ramsay and Sir Oswald Mosley are sitting comfortably in Brixton jail and ordering their meals from outside. The charges against them could be made in open court. The public presentation of the evidence against these British subjects would do more to put the Fifth Column to rout than the arrest of a thousand defenceless German Jews. And if the War Office wants to arrest Germans, are there not still two Hohenzollern princes at large on a ducal estate, and one pretender to an imperial throne?

It is not difficult to outline a sane policy. In the first place, let us organise a European Legion in which able-bodied Germans, Austrians and Czechs can unite to fight their common enemy. That Legion can become the symbol of our purpose not merely to defend this island but to liberate the peoples of Europe. Its formation would have more effect than a score of propaganda broadcasts. In the second place, let a special Under-Secretary be appointed to the Home Office to deal with the aliens problem and let him be assisted by an advisory committee, including a few entirely reliable Germans and Austrians, which really understands the politics and social structure of Germany. Let this committee consider any evidence which the War Office cares to offer of a refugee Fifth Column and judge upon it, publishing as much of their judgment as possible. Let it immediately stop all compulsory transportation of friendly aliens and offer a voluntary evacuation of Austrian and German children. Meanwhile, so long as large-scale internment continues, there are certain minimum decencies to be complied with, including the establishment of elected committees of the internees to voice complaints to the Home Office, the provision of newspapers and of facilities for hearing British news bulletins, the granting of permission in all camps to write and receive letters and to receive parcels and money from relatives outside. That we should have to propose such improvements in conditions is a measure of the barbarism to which we, a free people, have consented.

Roosevelt Again

The Democratic Convention has done the expected in the expected way. With no chance of selecting a candidate, the delegates' only function was to mill around until, the President having expressed his desire not to stand, he could be duly "conscripted." There are precedents for such procedure. Shakespeare's Casca once described a similar scene:

> and then he offered it the third time; he put it the third time by; and still as he refused it, the rabblement shouted and clapped their chapt hands and uttered such a deal of stinking breath . . . . . .

Certainly the Convention's antics at Chicago have not been more edifying than those which preceded Mr. Willkie's adoption at Philadelphia, and have resulted in an identical "platform" on foreign affairs. Whether either of the candidates will feel himself bound by these decisions and formulations is another question. The party politicians on both sides are notoriously remote from public opinion, and it seems probable that both Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Willkie will rely largely upon a personal appeal. The third term issue which shadowed the Chicago convention will be the strongest, but probably an insufficient, card in Mr. Willkie's hand. Against it the President can stake his own record and Mr. Willkie's Wall Street connections. Until this game of political poker concludes in November, there is little hope of any clarification of American policy.

Opinion in the United States

In the July number of *Fortune*, the results of the Elmo Roper survey, taken on June 1st, are published. They illustrate both the change in American public opinion since last December and its confusion. Even before the collapse of France, the number who thought Germany would win had risen from 12.5 per cent. to 40.1 per cent., while the "don't know" vote remained stationary at 27.9. This pessimism about our chances was combined with a huge increase of apprehension about Germany's ambitions. Eighty-five per cent. feared German interference in South America and other spheres vital to the U.S.A.; 61.7 per cent. believed that Hitler would join Japan in an attempt to dominate the world. This increase of anxiety had not, however, conquered isolationist sentiment. Roughly a quarter of the population was prepared to fight to prevent a German victory while another quarter still preferred to take no sides: the remainder (40.6 per cent.) wanted to help the Allies but never enter the war. It is interesting that the extreme isolationist vote rose from 14.9 per cent. in New England to 41.8 per cent. in the Middle West. On the other hand, the prejudice against war-credits seemed to be diminishing. Only 11.5 per cent. were prepared to extend them to the Allies in December, but this figure had grown to 35.2 per cent. on June 1st, while those willing to barter armaments for our West Indian Colonies had increased from 44.6 per cent. to 61.4 per cent. Much has happened since the survey was taken, and it is probable that the number who expect a German victory has now increased considerably. The American public swings between three sentiments: a desire to help us, a fear that this help is already too late, and a wish to keep out of war which can easily become an acceptance of appeasement. The latter two are sedulously stimulated by Nazi propaganda, against which no serious antidote is yet provided by this country.

Training and Supply

It was intelligible that after the destruction of the equipment of the B.E.F. in Flanders the only concern of the Government was a speed-up of industry to provide for the immediate re-equipment of our Army. Long-term planning—where it existed—had to be scrapped, and existing plant and labour had to be recklessly overstrained to meet the emergency. This first period, however, has now finished: Mr. Churchill has reminded us that we are in for a long war, and it is high time that we started planning for the colossal enlargement of output which will be necessary when we take the offensive. Such planning will have to include training and retraining on a scale far larger than any hitherto envisaged by the Ministry of Labour, whose existing training centres can only cope with a few thousands a year. Nor will the present workshop apprenticeship or the facilities offered by technical colleges and institutes suffice. The obvious method is, first, to develop training facilities inside the large war factories and, secondly, to utilise the smaller firms outside the armaments industry for the purpose. To a limited extent this is already being done—Austin's, for instance, have an admirable training scheme—but the majority of the armament firms have not done their duty in this respect, partly no doubt because the Government has refused to pay the cost of the training or the wages of the trainees. This is a problem which must be tackled immediately. What is needed is a Government plan for training which compels all war factories to provide their share of training facilities and provides for the release of the requisite number of skilled workmen to do the training. The matter is urgent because many new armament factories are nearing completion, often in areas where labour is short, while other areas, mainly devoted to luxury trades, will shortly be faced with an unemployment problem, unless their workers are trained and ready to move to the new factories. London, for instance, has reserves of woman-labour: they should be trained now. It should not be difficult to find factory space which could be cleared and equipped for this purpose. If it is objected that there are no spare machine tools which could be used for this purpose, we would again point to the innumerable small factories, unable to obtain war-contracts from the Ministry of Supply and clamouring for orders. Here is a problem to which Ernest Bevin should give immediate attention. If he is to solve it he must throw off his reluctance to use compulsory powers and enforce training upon the armament firms as well as utilising the machine tools of businesses outside the armaments industry.

Emergency Powers

The House of Commons behaved with courage and good sense when Sir John Anderson introduced his new Emergency Powers Bill on Tuesday. Agreed that in the event of invasion the ordinary courts might be too slow to deal with some forms of crime; agreed that it might even be necessary to institute the death penalty for looting or efforts to break through defence barriers. But these are terribly dangerous powers for a Court which sits without a jury or the usual legal checks. The House mainly objected to the passage of powers defined and explained in regulations that were not before them. Sir John explained that his procedure was an alternative to martial law, and that he was not, as the Bill seemed to suggest, setting up military courts to try civilians, but civilian courts which would judge military offences. He finally agreed that the regulations should be part of the Bill and that they could be considered and accepted or rejected (not unfortunately amended). Members insisted that the death penalty should not be inflicted without a survey of the case by a judge of the Supreme Court. It was also not clear whether it was only in case of invasion that these new courts would be set up; in any other circumstances they would surely be intolerable. Invasion presents new problems and no one doubts that for the time liberties we cherish will be curtailed. We write before the appearance of the revised Bill; it will need the most careful scrutiny.

The Freedom of the Press

Rumours that some of those in high places are still hankering after the suppression of the press continue, and we are glad to note that Lord Southwood is raising the matter in the House of Lords and that Mr. Shinwell and others have uttered resolute warnings of the dangers involved in any attempt to substitute some form of *British Gazette* for newspapers that continue to exercise a considerable degree of freedom. The example of France is enough to remind everyone of the effect of suppression on *morale*: by its nature democracy can only defend itself against an outside enemy if the population is taken into the confidence of the Government: if people know what they are fighting for and voluntarily co-operate. This obvious fact gave Prof. J. B. S. Haldane his best point when, as Chairman of the Editorial Board of the *Daily Worker*, (which has immensely improved under his guidance) he replied to a letter from the Home Office warning him that the suppression of the *Daily Worker* was under consideration. In reply to Sir Alexander Maxwell, Prof. Haldane quoted with great effect a passage in the *Times*, which referred to the effect on France of the "timidity which all along forbade a heavily censored press to give the public the harsh and tonic truth." The morale of the British people is high: nothing would so swiftly lower it and so soon produce that division that Hitler already assumes as an attempt to dragoon us into a pretended and uncritical unity. We are united about the need to defend ourselves against the Nazis: on many other fundamentals we are not, and ought not to be, united. Great social issues are not solved by the mere fact of war, though war may be the opportunity of solving them.

"Insulting Words and Behaviour"

From many parts of the country reports come of the excessive use made by the police of the clause penalising "insulting words and behaviour." Mr. Bernard Campion, the Tower Hill magistrate, very properly dismissed a recent charge of this kind against street sellers of the *Daily Worker*. There was, in fact, no evidence of "insulting words and behaviour." Mr. Campion stated that there is nothing illegal in selling any legally produced newspaper as long as nothing is done to pester the passer-by. It is interesting to note that men have been punished by the courts for distributing a leaflet headed "The People Must Act," which seemed to go no farther in its advocacy of "trusting the people" than a leaflet recently sponsored by eminent and very respectable Members of Parliament. No objection, in fact, could have been taken to this leaflet if it had not been issued by the Communists. We have all been exasperated by the Communists, but that is no reason for arresting them when they talk sense. By acquiescing in injustice we may endanger the liberties of the whole community. It is perhaps unfortunate that the cry against the Men of Munich has been taken up by the Communists; there is no doubt that the miners, who turned down a resolution against the Men of Munich, were influenced by the fact that it was sponsored by Communists. But this cry is not mere Communist propaganda. It is heard most loudly among Service people to whom Communism is anathema. Resolutions have been passed all over the country against the retention in high official positions of men whose competence is not trusted.

The Overseas Evacuation Scheme

The announcement that the children of Mr. Duff Cooper arrived safely in the U.S.A. on an American boat coincided with the Government's decision to postpone its much-heralded Child Evacuation Scheme. Roughly 1,750 children of the wealthier classes were evacuated during June, and in future, unless the Government changes its plans, evacuation will be the monopoly of the rich, until such time as Atlantic liners can be convoyed. It is difficult to find any defence for such a state of affairs. Mr. Attlee tried to use the fate of the *Arandora Star* as an excuse for the Government's decision. But the risks of the Atlantic crossing must have been known when the scheme was announced. It looks as though the Government had assumed in the first place that the children would travel on fast passenger vessels without escort and then suddenly decided that the normal practice was too risky. If this is so, we believe they have seriously misjudged the public mind, and incidentally misled many middle-class people who only sent their children away on the understanding that their evacuation was part of a Government scheme. Why should it not be possible for Mr. Attlee to explain the risks of the Atlantic passage quite frankly and to give parents the choice of allowing their children to travel in a liner without escort or keeping them at home? If middle-class people can be trusted to make this choice, the same opportunities should be permitted to working-class parents.

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THE PREMIER AND THE FOREIGN OFFICE

In his latest and most eloquent speech Mr. Churchill told us that "we are fighting by ourselves alone, but we are not fighting for ourselves alone." We should so fight, he said, that "all the oppressed countries in Europe may feel that each British victory is a step towards the liberation of the Continent from the foulest thraldom into which it has ever been cast."

These are fine words and they embody the aspirations of the great majority of the British people. This war only makes sense as a social war of liberation in which Britain stands for the cause of liberty everywhere. The way to survival is the way to European revolution. Our best, almost our only, allies are those forces of discontent and revolt that simmer under the surface in every country ruled by Hitler's *Gauleiters*. This conception of a war of liberation, now clearly within the Premier's mind, should have penetrated every Department of State; it should be a unifying idea, shaping every phase and sphere of Government policy.

There is unhappily only too much evidence that this is not so, that the same forces in society which have led us into our present pass are still at work and still working behind the scenes. The cruel and indiscriminate internment of foreigners and refugees in this country does not square with the conception of European revolution. Special methods to deal with Fifth Columnists have to be taken, but the sheep can be sorted from the goats, doubtful sheep can be allowed to work under surveillance, while the goodwill and energies of our friends can be utilised to the full in the fight against the Nazis. To presume without evidence that anti-Nazi refugees are Fifth Columnists—and has a single instance been proved?—is to undermine the very strategy of the war propounded by Mr. Churchill. Who will believe that we are fighting for the liberation of Europe if we put behind barbed wire those who have risked their lives for years in the struggle against the foul thraldom of which the Premier speaks? The deduction made by the friends of liberty must be that this policy on the home front is the counterpart of that policy of appeasement by which for so long we have refused the co-operation of our real friends, mainly for the reason that those who rule us themselves feared the popular forces that are necessarily anti-Fascist. It is still mainly the anti-Fascist refugees who are locked up, and people do not forget that in France the Spanish republican army and the anti-Fascist refugees were refused the opportunity to fight against Hitler and were eventually surrendered to him.

The worse our situation, the more necessary it is to ally ourselves with the remaining forces of liberation. But there is still room for manoeuvre in foreign politics, and the indications are still that our rulers, or perhaps we should say the Foreign Office, still instinctively attempt to find allies in Governments who are friendly to Hitler rather than in peoples and groups who struggle for freedom. Yet the unhappy example of Italy should surely have been sufficient lesson. During the first nine months of the war we permitted Mussolini to increase his oil stocks by a million tons and to supply Germany with large quantities of oil, lubricants and fats. When the Duce came into the war against us, as he had always made it clear that he would do, we accused him of treachery. He was the open ally of Germany; his policy was Fascist and his entry into the war gratuitous. Italy was openly part of the Axis and we had merely served Germany's turn by pretending that we could detach Mussolini from his master. The situation in Spain is now very similar. General Franco and the Spanish people are as afraid of German domination as Mussolini and the Italian people. But if Hitler demands a passage through Spain to Portugal or Gibraltar, Franco is no more in a position to refuse him than the Duce was in a position to break from the Axis. Manoeuvres for a Latin bloc in Southern Europe are unlikely to be successful. Already the Führer's puppets in France, the Lavals and Bonnets, are reaping the reward of their servility in ominous attacks from Nazi Germany. There are large numbers of Germans in Spain; the Spanish frontier is now contiguous with German controlled France. Can it really be the path of good sense not to include Spain in the blockade? According to report we are now allowing lubricating oil, wheat and maize to be imported into a country from which it may readily pass to Germany. Will the cause of liberation be served by the good offices of Sir Samuel Hoare in Madrid, even though he is supported by Wing-Commander James, who became an ardent supporter of Spanish Fascism during the civil war, and Professor Starkie, an outspoken admirer of Mussolini, now appointed Director of the British Institute in Madrid?

The argument that in our present perilous situation we can do no other than make friends with totalitarian Powers is applied more persuasively in the case of Japan than in that of Spain. We are no longer in a position to give the aid to China that we could have done at an earlier stage of the war. Yet we believe that the decision to close the Burma road to arms traffic for the next few months and to supply Japan with the materials she needs is both deplorable and unnecessary. Ever since the Chinese War began, the Japanese have attempted to blackmail Britain into acquiescing or aiding her aggression in China. Hongkong is vulnerable; British interests on the Yangtse now survive on Japanese sufferance; Japan can threaten serious damage to British shipping and British interests all over the Far East. Japan has long announced a policy of complete domination of the Far East; she has not departed a hair's breadth from the policy of the Tanaka Memorandum which envisaged the conquest of China merely as a first step in a programme which included the annihilation of all other foreign interests in Eastern Asia. Our clear path was to support China, to co-operate with the United States and with Soviet Russia, which has done more than any other Power to send aid to the Chinese people. Whenever we have given way to Japan, whenever we have followed the advice of Sir Robert Craigie, the British Minister in Tokio, we have been immediately confronted with fresh demands and fresh humiliations.

The occasion of the new demands to-day is clear enough. The collapse of Holland, followed by the capitulation of France, has given new scope to Japanese ambition. The American Navy is carefully watching the position in the Dutch East Indies, but French Indo-China is tempting to the Japanese war lords. No sooner did we concede the issue of the Tientsin silver than the demand came for blocking the back door to China through Burma. We may anticipate with some certainty that Japan's next move will be to ask us to recognise Wang Ching Wei, the Japanese puppet in Nanking. There is talk of a general peace settlement in the Far East. In order to bring about this peace a new Government sits in Tokio, more exclusively military and more closely in friendly touch with Nazi Germany than the last. Peace in the Far East would indeed be welcome. No country in history has ever suffered more terribly or with more patience than the civilian population of China. Yet Japan's peace would offer no solution. Chiang Kai Chek again states the determination of his people to resist and warns us of the danger of trying to become the ally of Japan.

It is just because Japan has failed to bomb, starve and bayonet the Chinese people into submission that she is attempting to divide the country and to make use of those who should be China's friends to gain her ends. The result of recognising Wang Ching Wei would be civil war in China and would also be the signal for the next stage in Japan's plans for domination in the Far East. They are unlikely to be peaceful. Japan is a member of the Axis and, like Italy, waits the moment of Britain's gravest peril. If once Chinese resistance is broken the next stage will be a Japanese attempt to make good the "Asia for the Asiatics" propaganda long prepared in Tokio, with all the threat to non-Asiatic interests implied in the phrase. By helping Japan to defeat China, we shall not buy Japanese good will. We shall destroy the very Power whose resistance has prevented Japan from advancing ambitions that will throw the whole Pacific into a ferment.

In this matter the United States bear much responsibility. Britain at least has the excuse that she is unable to maintain a navy in the Far East, that she is besieged and in danger at home. The United States, whose Government has a far better record than the British in China, has also business interests which seek salvation by the same mistaken means as their British friends. American public opinion will declare itself outraged by the British surrender to Japan, but it should also turn its attention to the arms traffic which flows to Japan, not from Britain but from the United States. The United States is in a far better position to help China than Britain. But that is no reason why Britain should throw away her one remaining moral asset—that she stands for freedom against totalitarianism, nor why she should prefer to barter the friendship of China for the gloating contempt of Japan. Even if we have lost by our own folly the power to offer active resistance to Japan, we are still in a position to refuse to aid her enemy. Why should we now be arranging to let Japan have the oil, and cotton and copper she wants for her aggressive war? Why, if Japan wishes to close the Burma road, should we not tell her that she must attempt this difficult task for herself instead of asking us to do her dirty work for her?

To imagine that appeasement which has led us to our present peril will work to-day with Germany's Far Eastern partner will lead us to the Cloud Cuckoo Land which we were supposed to have abandoned when Mr. Churchill became Prime Minister. We do not believe that the present Government now lives in that dream world and we regret that even at this difficult time an action should have been taken which will be a blow to all who have been cheered by Mr. Churchill's brave words and which will rejoice the friends of the Axis in every part of the world.

THE POLITICIAN AND THE INTELLECTUAL

THE intellectual has never been popular in Britain and his presence in or influence upon politics during the last 100 years has been barely tolerated by us. No intellectual, in the strict sense of the word, has ever been Prime Minister, though in the widest sense Disraeli, Gladstone, Balfour, and Asquith belonged mentally to this category of unfortunates. But even these four were primarily professional politicians, and they overcame the handicap of intellect either by living it down or by countervailing advantages of overwhelming strength. Of the four Balfour is the most illuminating instance. Mentally he was the most typical British intellectual, with all their vices and virtues, and it is safe to say that, if he had not, as a young man, entered politics with the countervailing advantage of being a Cecil and the nephew of Lord Salisbury, he would never have struggled higher than an under-secretaryship or possibly the Board of Education. The lesser Cabinet posts tell the same tale; they have been filled monotonously by the professional ruling families or class, by lawyers, business men, trade unionists, or professional politicians. Morley was a rare exception and H. A. L. Fisher the nearest approach to a professor among British Cabinet Ministers. This last fact alone would show our difference from other peoples, including the Americans, for their Cabinets are full of men who are intellectuals by profession and can write "Professor" or "Doctor" before their names.

This divorce of the British intelligentsia from practical affairs has had profound and disastrous results upon our politics, our politicians, and our intellectuals. Let us take the politician and politics first and leave the anatomy of the civic psychology of the intellectual to the end. In the second volume of Austen Chamberlain's *Life and Letters*, recently published, there are two passages which show his profound distrust of the use of the intellect by politicians. On March 24th, 1925, amid the cheers of the Conservative M.P.'s, he explained why, as Foreign Secretary, he had rejected the Geneva Protocol, and this is what he said:

> I profoundly distrust logic when applied to politics, and all English history justifies me.

And five years later in an address to Chatham House, defending his policy as Foreign Secretary, he noted with satisfaction that we English "decide the practical questions of daily life by instinct rather than by any careful process of reasoning, by rule of thumb rather than by systematic logic. The Frenchman, trusting thought, endeavours to foresee every case and to regulate every action in advance; the Englishman, distrusting the purely intellectual and more conscious of the many accidents of wind and tide, trusts to his experience to inspire the right act at the critical moment and varies his course with the shifting of the winds."

Here, baldly expressed in the distrust of thought and the intellect, one can see the root of our distrust of the intellectual in politics. But looking back over the history of the past 15 years and of our position in the tenth month of the war it is a little difficult to share Austen Chamberlain's complacency and his certainty of our wisdom. This is no academic question; it is a question of national and individual life and death. The Protocol was an attempt, by deliberately taking thought, to strengthen and complete the system of collective security tentatively established by the League Covenant. Chamberlain does not consider whether it was a good or bad method of doing this: he objects to it because it was a product of reasoning, long-term planning of a peace system. The whole of the subsequent international policy of his successors in the Conservative and National Governments followed the same lines. They rejected the collective security system as the product of "reason" applied to politics; they preferred to trust to their instinct and to the shifting improvisations of appeasement. That is another way of saying that they refused the disagreeable business of "thinking through" a disagreeable situation; they shied from the logic of events and the long-term plan which that logic exacts from us if we are to be masters of our fate. The effect of the same British tradition can be observed entangling the policy of the Left in sterile knots. The Left has always been less afraid of intellect and reason than the Tories, and it did think through the unpleasant post-war situation and see that the logic of events made a planned system of collective security or another war the only alternatives. But it refused to think through to the bitter end, for, as soon as the menace of the Fascist and Nazi rose in Europe, the bitter end was inevitably rearmament; it did not face that end with the courage of its intellectual convictions, and this made its policy sterile and hamstrung its action.

Austen Chamberlain looked to British history to justify the British policy of improvisation, instinct and muddling through. But history also shows that nations perish if they cannot alter their traditions and methods to meet changed conditions. The world of the twentieth century is not the world of the eighteenth or even of the nineteenth. It is a world of large-scale industry, of trusts and cartels, of life organised nationally and municipally—and internationally—on a vast and complicated scale, of totalitarian war. To think that it is possible for a nation to deal competently with such a world, either in peace or war, by instinct and improvisation is a suicidal delusion. In the Liberal, individualist, capitalist economy of the nineteenth century such methods were still adequate, and the business man who trusted to instinct and experience to inspire the right act at the right moment could skim rich cream off the milk of commerce, industry and finance. To-day his methods are as anachronistic and ineffective against a long-term, large-scale planned national economy as those of a knight in armour would be on a modern battlefield—and for much the same reason. The British system of improvisation may still get a man or an army out of a tight place, as we saw at Dunkirk. The Prime Minister was right to tell us plainly that Dunkirk was not a victory, but a disaster. Nothing could have been more magnificent, but it was not war, not war as it must be waged to-day if there is to be any hope of something more than a magnificent disaster. For modern totalitarian war, like modern industry, is a matter of vast, complicated, long-term, large-scale planning and organisation. It requires an intellectual effort to "foresee every case and to regulate every action in advance." Instinct, no matter what its quantity or quality, will never win a totalitarian war.

The structure of society to-day makes national (and international) planning essential both in peace and war. But that kind of planning is severely intellectual. If a nation is to survive, its soldiers, sailors, statesmen, economic and political administrators must all be intellectuals. That means that they must be men who can apply the intellect to all practical affairs and are encouraged to do so. To do that in Britain requires a revolution in our traditions and methods. For the divorce of thought from practice, of the man of action from the intellectual, is ingrained in us. It has proved, as we have seen, disastrous to our politics and armies and has brought us to the perilous position in which we stand. But it has been no less disastrous to our intellectuals. In all practical affairs they know that the voice of the intellect is a voice crying in a British wilderness. They have therefore naturally acquired an inferiority complex in practical affairs and a superiority complex in intellectual affairs, and both are equally unpleasant and harmful. The lamentable result can be seen in the discussions in "highbrow" papers regarding what the attitude of the intellectual or "artist" should be to this war. The editor of *Horizon*, the organ of the younger intellectuals, wrote the other day :—

> The war is the enemy of creative activity, and writers and painters are wise to ignore it and to concentrate on other subjects. Since they are politically impotent they can use this time to develop at deeper emotional levels, or to improve their weapons by technical experience.

Reading those words, it is impossible not to think of the poet Aeschylus, who fought at Marathon in the first great war of European civilisation and democracy against barbarism and dictatorship, and who wrote one of the first European masterpieces about it—or of Socrates, the greatest of all the intellectuals, who is described by Alcibiades fighting in the ranks at the battle of Potideaea and calmly "stalking along like a pelican, just as he does in the streets of Athens" when the Athenian troops broke and ran at Delium. To these Greeks who created the civilisation of free men it would have seemed inconceivable that literature should be divorced from the life of society either in peace or in war, or that the intellectual should be "impotent in politics," just as it would have seemed to him ludicrous that a statesman should refuse to use his intellect and trust to his "instinct." He knew that Pericles, who was the greatest of his statesmen, was also one of the greatest of his intellectuals. And if he could return to earth to-day and examine the plight of British democracy, he would certainly say that the sterility of our statesmen and of our intellectuals came from the same imbecile "Lacedemonian" tradition, that the man of affairs must have nothing to do with intellect and the man of intellect nothing to do with affairs. He would probably be right.

LEONARD WOOLF

A LONDON DIARY

I SHOULD be less disturbed by the new Emergency Powers if I thought that the Cabinet's advisers on the home-front were either wise or well-informed. We do not even know who they are and can only judge them by their works. From what I can gather, in the last few weeks the source of our home morale policy is no longer the Ministry of Information. From internal evidence I should guess that the men behind the sudden outbreak of rumour prosecutions, the "anti-defeatism" campaign and "Britain's Silent Column"—that strange organisation which has taken so much advertising space recently—are elderly City gentlemen whose main preoccupation is a fear lest the masses should "get out of hand." From one point of view the whole thing is ridiculous; but from another it looks most unpleasantly Fascist, based as it is on a combination of fear and contempt for the very people whose liberties we are fighting to defend. How I wish that the instigators of the Silent Column could just for once leave their clubs and have a drink in a pub, or in an Officers' Mess for that matter! They would not find much defeatism outside the City of London. The British people is as usual good-humoured, phlegmatic and willing to take everything that comes with a grin—provided that it feels that its leaders are doing their job. It has a deep respect for Churchill, thinks pretty well of Bevin and Morrison and has more than a suspicion of Mr. Chamberlain and his friends. Large numbers of people on the coast are having a pretty trying time with air-raids, and all of them feel that since we are in a tight corner we want a government which trusts us and treats us as adult men and women. But what do our Home Morale pundits do? First of all the doctors and parsons receive a letter warning them that there is widespread talk about the consequences of defeat. This is the first that most of them have heard of such talk and consequently the letter merely creates the rumours which it is supposed to stop. This is followed by an appeal to patriots to defend free speech by joining his Silent Column. This merely produces ribald and ill-tempered laughter, since one of the most widespread complaints is the secretiveness of the authorities, especially about air-raid casualties. The B.B.C. now veers between stating the exact number of deaths and giving ground for exaggerated fears by reporting "some fatal casualties." The result, since people still write letters, is apprehensive rumours in the unaffected areas and resentment in places where the raids have occurred. There are good military reasons for suppressing place names and accounts of damage done; there are none for hinting vaguely at heavy casualties when we can quite well stand the exact truth. Having in this way created a vast amount of rumour, our pundits then institute a series of proceedings against "chatterbugs." One of the worst cases was that of an Oxford electrician who was reported by a housewife to have said something defeatist over a cup of tea. He denied the charge, there was no evidence but her word. The serious thing here is the beginning of "informing"—that most corrupting feature of tyranny. Do the pundits really imagine such proceedings put heart and courage into the people? Do they imagine that we ourselves cannot deal with defeatist talk quite effectively without police interference? Some of us like a good argument; we shall have no-one to argue with if Mr. Duff Cooper and his pundits have their way.

* * *

The *News Chronicle* hit the nail on the head when it described these prosecutions as "Teutonic." Another man is charged with discussing whether German tanks can arrive by air—a charge which would involve any military correspondent. That the Ministry can handle the public was illustrated beautifully last Saturday in the market square of an industrial town. An M. of I. travelling van was there, surrounded by a huge crowd. First came a sensible speech on the international situation followed by a lively bout of questions and answers: then another speaker got members of the crowd to demonstrate the use of a stirrup-pump. The show was a tremendous success because the speakers were getting on well with the crowd and treating them as equals. But it was *not* a silent column!

* * *

A friend of mine who last week did a lecture tour among army units confirms this view. The men he talked to were in high spirits and in no need of an anti-defeatist campaign. What they obviously wanted was information about the war and a chance of frankly discussing what they considered the danger-points in the situation. The officers for the most part recognised and welcomed this new independent spirit and one of them said to my friend: "This is a new army we have to deal with. They won't swallow the old Horatio Bottomley propaganda, because they want to know the truth. That is why we now have a problem of 'political morale' which we never had before. Lectures, of the sort you are giving, should be an essential part of military training." My friend asked whether such lectures would not create political controversy. The officer replied that clearly the officers could not give them as they had not studied such things, but they were willing to listen to any civilian who understood the Nazis and could show how they would be defeated. It was quite obvious from talk in the Mess that Dunkirk has created a tremendous impression in the Army which feels it was let down by the men it trusted. Several officers inquired why Mosley had not been shot; others asked why Mr. Chamberlain was still in office. My friend says that his answers to those questions were not accepted as satisfactory.

* * *

I print the following letter without comment:

DEAR CRITIC,—This afternoon I found my landlady, the wife of an honest and thoroughly British artisan, standing before a heap of aluminium saucepans, pots, etc. "I meant to give them up, but now I shall think twice before I am too patriotic, after what has happened to your son," she said.

I had told her that I had heard that my son had been sent to Canada from an Internment Camp on the Isle of Man. He is just 18 years old, was taken from his Cambridge boarding school, when all aliens of German or Austrian nationality were rounded up there, a clear C-case, and an application for his release was under consideration by the Home Office since at least three weeks. The boy had never lived in Germany for any length of time after he was 11 months old, had been to an English school for four years and in the spring had won an open scholarship to Oxford. He was sent away without a penny, without any winter clothing, without warning, without being able to give me any information, and I heard about his deportation by mere chance. The boy's father is in another Internment Camp.

I don't tell this to you in order to complain, but is it very much in the interest of Great Britain if things are done indiscriminately which make her own people doubt the sincerity of her struggle? My landlady is far from being "Left-minded," a good, not over-intelligent Tory. And I was driven into the queer position of having to make the following speech to her: "Whatever happens, even if they take my husband away to another Dominion, promise me that you will never say: 'It would have been better under Hitler.'"

X.

* * *

The latest absurdities reported are the arrest of Franz Borkenau, one of the best contemporary historians, and the imminent transportation of Sebastian Haffner, whose *Germany, Jekyl and Hyde* I recommended the other day.

* * *

The secretary of a well-known golf club received a telegram some weeks ago from an iron and steel merchant in the North. The letter offered old steam rollers, etc., with a total weight of 800 tons for use as obstructions on the golf course. Now the country is supposed to be in urgent need of scrap iron, and golf courses can be obstructed by digging trenches or stretching wire across them. So the secretary, with proper patriotism, forwarded this wire to the Ministry of Supply and received a formal acknowledgment. Apparently his letter was sent on to the War Office; at any rate, he received a formal note from the War Office five days later informing him that his communication had been forwarded to the Ministry of Supply "to whom it should have been addressed in the first instance, and who will give the necessary instructions for a reply to be sent to you." That is just a month ago.

* * *

A Midland doctor was telling me some interesting facts about air raids. In one case, he said, a hundred-pound bomb landed by the kitchen stove while husband and wife were sitting by the table. The house neatly collapsed, but neither of the occupants were badly hurt as they fell under the table which took the weight of the debris. The lesson is simple. Put your bed downstairs, if you have not got an air-raid shelter. He also told me a curiously touching story of another casualty. The story starts eleven years ago when he was called out to attend a married woman with acute stomach trouble. On inspection, he found that she was going to have a child within a few hours. As she was 47, she had had no idea that this was possible. A week or two ago this doctor was again called out, this time to an air-raid casualty. It was the same household. The man and wife had survived, but when the child was dug out of the ruins it was dead. The wife was silent, but the husband turned to my friend with this one remark: "He came unexpected: and he went unexpected. It was beautiful while he was here."

* * *

"What's happened to the Buchmanites nowadays?" a friend asked me. Indeed it's a relevant question. Echoes of moral rearmament float across the Atlantic through the mouth of Colonel Lindbergh: the Earl of Athlone's odd broadcast is now forgotten. But I should like to hear something from Dr. Buchman himself. He ought to tell the world whether he still "thanks God for Hitler."

A well-upholstered lady called at her bankers in the West End the other day and explained that she found the atmosphere of England very unpleasant and had decided to emigrate to the United States. Would the banker kindly sell out her securities and buy dollar exchange? The manager carefully and elaborately explained the legal impossibility of such a course. The lady went home; about an hour later her daughter arrived and said that her mother had thought over what the manager had said and had decided that "she really must insist!"

CRITIC

THIS ENGLAND

Our prize of 5/- for the contribution at the head of the column goes this week to Mrs. M. L. Ripszám.

All cuttings should be addressed to "This England," 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1.

Magistrates at a South-East England town yesterday were unable to agree after hearing the case against a woman alien who left her place of residence during restricted hours to take shelter during an air raid. Miss Blanka Weiss . . . agreed that, with her mistress and other residents in the block of flats where she is employed, she went to a culvert three minutes' walk away as there were no shelters at the flat. Miss Weiss told the Court that after she had been spoken to about leaving the flat, she asked what she ought to do and was advised by the police to shelter beneath the stairs. She was told that she could leave the place if it were set on fire.—*Times.*

A black poodle, owned by the Vicar of Bodmin, was adjudged to be most like its owner from a motley array of dogs and owners who paraded at the comic dog show held in connection with the fête to raise funds for the Bodmin Sub-depot of the Central Hospital Supply Service yesterday.—*Newquay Express.*

Mr. ———, nineteen, of ———, is open and impulsive, likes reading, gardening and photography. His favourite authors are Hugh Walpole and H. G. Wells. In his case, since he is sensitive, serious-minded and imaginative, he should hear music that can help develop his thought. Haydn, most English of English composers, would suit him.—*Advert. in Daily Mirror.*

Chatham Town Council to-day passed a resolution urging the Government to mobilise immediately the whole of the nation's manpower and industrial and capital resources for the successful prosecution of the war.

Councillor James Presnail, an ex-officer, moving the resolution, produced a £5 note from his pocket and burned it in front of the other councillors, saying, "Look at it—flames, smoke, ashes, dust. That is what your money will be if England falls."

When a member suggested that Councillor Presnail might have made better use of the £5 note by giving it to the Red Cross, Mr. Presnail retorted, "I have given it to the country now."—*Evening Standard.*

THAT GERMANY

THE *Berliner Illustrierte* has always been a lively and interesting paper. It is the same to-day. In the three May issues which we have before us almost all the pictures deal with the war.

Here are a few examples meant to illustrate the irresistibility of the German army. On one of the front pages soldiers are seen reading newspapers. Caption: "Between the victories, news from home." Or another series: "Fighting for the decision—obstacles do not exist." Each picture suggests how the soldiers push forward from village to village, the enemy is seen only when he is driven, like a herd of cattle, into the internment camp, and a wounded soldier implores the doctor to allow him to join his comrades immediately.

Much space is devoted to the feats of the ranker. The dangerous advance of small columns in Norway, the tasks of tank crews and pioneers, and dive bombers.

While the German army marches on, peace and normal life are shown restored in the occupied territories. Horse racing in Denmark serves as an illustration—with scores of bicycles waiting outside. But the British Ambassador has gone back to his own country. "For him there is no room in peaceful Copenhagen!"

Britain's Norwegian campaign is treated with sneers. "Where the English had landed the German Air Force became active."—"The German bombs always found their target."—The North Pole equipment of the British troops was demonstrated on the roof of a London house by Mr. Burgin.—A few days later it was worn by—prisoners of war. The Tommies are cracking jokes in Norway—not expecting that their "glorious advance" will find a sudden end in a few days' time. And finally we are shown a young lady in tennis kit, with the racket in one hand and a spade in the other "with which she will dig for victory between the games."

Looking through these issues of the *Berliner Illustrierte* one gradually realises what is *not* in them. There is no suggestion anywhere of hatred of the enemy. There is no suggestion of what Germany is fighting for. Everything centres round the war. But it is only one aspect of the war that is tackled; only actual warfare. And even here what is shown is mainly power and heroism, and the weakness of the opponent. Very little of the devastations of the war, of its horrors, nothing, of course, of the plight of the refugees, and the murdering of women and children. No dead are shown, and the only picture of a wounded soldier was that to which we referred above: the soldier who wanted to go on fighting. Nothing is said about the German home front, of the scarcity of food and other essentials, and the strain of excessive working hours, nothing about A.R.P. Only the lack of coffee forms the subject of a series of cartoons.

Cartoons, jokes and anecdotes fill well over four pages in these three issues. Of them not one refers to the war. It is a most striking fact that while the rest of the paper deals almost wholly with the war there are no war jokes whatever.

There is good reason for these omissions. The German people may be impressed by Hitler's victories, but the war itself still remains unpopular. That is the lesson of the *Berliner Illustrierte*.

* * *

According to a Gestapo calculation, the number of political prisoners in 1939 was as follows:

	Germany	Austria	Sudeten	Pro-tectorate	Together
Detained for political reasons	27,396	8,576	1,384	9,613	46,969
Punished for political reasons	112,432	13,876	1,912	854	129,074
In concentration camps	162,734	48,916	5,612	43,284	260,546
	302,562	71,368	8,908	53,741	436,589

This was the picture of the united German nation before the outbreak of the war. If one looks at the members of the highest Nazi Court, the so-called "People's Court," one can better understand the political meaning of these severe penalties. Its members are: 4 officers of the fighting forces, 3 S.S. leaders, 1 general of police, 2 civil servants, 1 high school teacher. No real judge sits in this court, whose only task is a ruthless persecution of all enemies of Nazism. The president of the court in July, 1939, said, that in 1938 only 269 cases had been dealt with and in "only" 27 cases had the death penalty been exacted. Only a few days after this declaration three more death sentences were passed and according to reports in the German press during four months, from November, 1939, to March, 1940, 39 death sentences had been passed and 92 executions had been carried out, 47 on account of high treason, sabotage, etc. In addition, 17 were shot "while trying to escape" and "while resisting state authorities."

* * *

From a reliable German Socialist source we hear the following details. By the beginning of this year in many German towns, especially in Northern Germany, houses and fences and walls were decorated with posters against the Hitler war. Though the Nazis every morning destroyed these posters, they always appeared anew the day after. In spite of the most searching inquiries, the originators and distributors of these posters could not be found. The illegal fighters could only dare this daily play with death with the silent connivance of large parts of the population. In an industrial centre in Thuringia still other means were found. One morning, houses and walls were adorned with hand-written slogans against Hitler. The Gestapo took photographs of these hand-writings and for days they were compared with the hand-writings of well-known party and trade union officials. The culprit was not discovered.

Resistance is especially strong in industrial areas. A good instance is that of the cotton mill at Forchheim. By the end of December, 1939, a number of workers had been imprisoned on the ground of sabotage. The other workers demanded the release of their comrades. As this was refused, they went on strike on January 2nd and succeeded in their demand. But such actions are not always successful. In the Alpine Montan Company five workers were beheaded in December, 1939, because of works-sabotage. The Dürkopp works had to confess recently, that in spite of the severest watchfulness and several imprisonments, they had not been able to prevent a fall in work efficiency of 37 per cent.—loss of material had increased to 48 per cent. In November, 1939, there was an "accident" in hall F of the German works in Spandau. The machinery in this hall was used for making gun barrels. Shortly before 6 o'clock a severe explosion shook the hall. Machinery and tools were flying about, the workers thought they had been caught in an air raid. Sixteen revolving lathes were completely destroyed and other machines were rendered useless for a long time to come. More than two-thirds of all the machinery was put out of action. Unfortunately 30 workers were also seriously injured and 20 received minor injuries. At the beginning of January, an explosion occurred in the Max-Steelwork. A gigantic fire was caused which destroyed the sheet iron works, the rolling mills and a furnace. The fire raged for two days. About two-thirds of the 3,500 workers are busy in clearing away the debris and the rebuilding will last until autumn of this year. For obvious reasons it is impossible to give details of the many cases of traffic-sabotage. It may be sufficient to refer to authoritative German statistics, according to which more lives were lost through traffic accidents in the first 11 weeks of the war than were lost in the whole pre-Nazi year of 1932. Even within the Reichswehr we can find signs of resistance. In a Silesian garrison illegal leaflets were distributed. Twenty soldiers were court martialled and shot for conspiracy and for keeping up illegal political connections. Walls and gates of a Saxon barracks were plastered with leaflets. As the police could not find out who had been responsible for this, the Gestapo took severe measures against the civilian population. Hundreds of members of the former free trade unions and of the parties of the Left were jailed for so-called examinations. During such an imprisonment-action in December, 1939, alone, about 4,000 people were put into concentration camps in East Prussia which have been fitted out as arms factories. What happens in these concentration camps may be shown in one example. In the concentration camp Schorfheid, of 4,000 inmates 76 were buried within 6 weeks, from beginning of October to middle of November, 1939. Included in this number are the victims of the following incident: one detachment of political prisoners that had been subjected to especially mean and cruel treatment, mutinied on the 4th of November. The mutiny was instantly suppressed by machine-gun fire. In the face of the dead lying on the ground the camp commander had every fifteenth man shot. These few incidents may suffice as examples of countless others.

MICROFILM

A WARTIME "Sally" has been round my way and has left injunctions in my letter box. She was one of the energetic women whom the Women's Voluntary Services have recruited for the salvage campaign of the Ministry of Supply.

In addition to being asked to salvage the sheet of paper on which the injunctions are written, we are advised to save waste paper, textiles, household bones, metals, bottles and waste food. Of all the articles, the one which concerns me most is the waste paper, not only because it is what I have most of, but because my living depends upon it.

The memorandum says: "The paper and board mills are crying out for more clean waste paper. They need four times the amount they are getting at present. At least 250,000 tons of household waste paper are required each year to replace wood pulp—the raw material usually imported from Norway, Sweden and Canada. To-day we do not wish to expose our men and ships to avoidable risks.

"If you tear a piece of newsprint and look along the edge of the paper you will see the fibres which industry requires. Paper can be used over and over again. Food cartons, including those for the troops, can become cigarette packets, and may well have served some other purpose in between and yet live on. Clean waste paper is practically 100 per cent. salvage—ton for ton. A million tons of waste paper find their way into the dustbin every year."

It goes on to say "that 450 copies of the *Times* weigh 1 cwt."

This set me thinking of all the vast accumulations of newsprint which exist as files and records. I recalled one provincial newspaper which carried on for six months in the last war on the conversion of its hoard of blue books and official publications.

The greatest of all hoards is the British Museum Newspaper Library on the outskirts of London. On fourteen miles of shelves there are over 25 thousand tons of newspapers, dating back in some cases to the seventeenth century. To this is added 350 thousand issues of publications every year in fulfilment of the statutory obligation, which compels publishers to supply a copy of every issue to the Museum.

It may seem outrageous vandalism to propose the pulping of this day-to-day history in the form of newspaper records. But I am going to suggest it seriously; not only as a measure of salvage in wartime, but as a commendable peacetime practice. I suggest it also as an air-raid precaution. For to pulp the paper no longer means to lose the record. Facsimile records of all these printed words can be preserved for all time and in a form which would make them accessible to people who cannot browse in the British Museum.

This can be done by microfilm. Indeed, it is done in the progressive American institutions. For example, the library of Harvard University receives two copies of every issue of the leading British papers. The year's consignment of the *Daily Herald* alone in the palmy days before rationing reduced its size to six pages represented a bale 4ft. high, weighing over two cwt. In America this bulk was shrunk to the proportions of a housewife's cotton reel. This sounds like the voodoo magic of the head hunters when they shrink the heads of their victims! It is a humbling thought that this article on the same scale would represent less than a quarter of an inch. The British Museum's yearly intake would be reduced to about a thousand cotton reels.

Microfilm is already a working proposition; nearly ninety per cent. of the literature to be found in the libraries of the United States of America have been "treated" in this manner. Before the war the Americans "moved in" to the British Museum to make records of books printed before 1560—these were supplied to fourteen American libraries.

The method used is by a simple apparatus, a development of the miniature camera used by enthusiastic photographers. Ordinary 35 mm. ciné film is used. Books are photographed two pages at a time on each frame and there are fourteen frames to a foot.

Copies are then made in any number, from the negative, and these copies are used in the reading machine. This in its most compact form is about the size of a typewriter. The image is thrown on the screen, two page-spread at a time. The reader, instead of turning the page, turns a handle instead and brings the next frame into position. The screen gives an image the size of a normal book or larger, but the image can, of course, be thrown on to a screen of any size, including a cinema screen. The whole device is extremely simple. The book or document to be photographed is placed on a glass table, under bright lights, like a desk lamp, and the camera is focused upon it, a pedal-switch controls the exposure and the movement of the film. Flick the page! Click a switch! and in the hands of an experienced operator the process is almost as slick as dealing a pack of cards. The running cost of making microfilm is less than ½*d.* a page. The apparatus for photographing costs about £120, and the "reader" costs no more than a portable typewriter.

A team of experts at the British Museum could quickly convert those volumes of past newspapers into reasonable proportions, copies of the film could be scattered if necessary throughout the country, buried securely in vaults or sent to America, and the paper could be used for pulping. Originals illustrating changes of format, special numbers and so on could, of course, be retained, but the ephemeral outpourings of the presses could be recorded for posterity (God help it!) in the form of microfilm. The cotton-reel volume would be easier to handle, to store and to consult. They could be copied for provincial libraries and the British Museum could thus have innumerable branches.

On the library shelves of this country there are 36,750,000 books. In the British Museum alone there are about five million. I am not suggesting that all these should be pulped, but many of the obsolete or rarely consulted ones (as distinct from "rare" in the virtuoso sense) could be converted in this way.

But consider the enormous waste of space, waste of paper and waste of effort represented in the accumulation of Government departments, business houses, law offices, banks, insurance companies and so on. They have proved in wartime a tremendous embarrassment. Insurance records, over-drafts, and secret documents were hastily and furiously photographed by photostat on ordinary plates and scattered to safe hiding places. In their own interests, the Government departments and business houses would have been well advised to have made, through microfilm, a virtue out of war necessity.

Another advantage of microfilm is the production of books for a limited circulation. By the printing methods this is a costly business; some scientific works, for example, may appeal to only 50 people. Instead of printing and binding the typed manuscripts can be filmed, just as many copies as necessary run off and "reprinted" as often or as rarely as the demand arises. Rare documents of State, priceless papyri, deeds, wills, court evidence, precious books and irreplaceable manuscripts can be copied. America has done this thoroughly, and has evolved a "bibliofil service" under the aegis of the authorities at Washington. If, for example, I want a facsimile extract from some document in the Capitol library, I can get it by sending half a dollar and getting the appropriate "frame."

Colour filming is now being tried, so as to avoid extensive colour printing of modern scientific text books with limited appeal. But even this 35 mm. method is too cumbersome for my friend Watson Davis, the Director of the American Science Service who was a pioneer and world crusader for the microfilm principle. He has even brighter ideas. He thinks that a cotton reel of the *Daily Blank* still demands too much space in an overcrowded world!

He has demonstrated to me how a two-hundred-page book might be reproduced on a 3in. × 5in. index card, which is smaller than the ordinary post-card. Tiny frames, barely ¼in. square, would be inset in the card. The card would be so adapted by an index system incorporated in it that on insertion in the "reader" the adjustment of a gadget would "bring-up" the exact passage one would want, or of course, it could be enlarged for ordinary book reading.

Imagine a thousand books in a drawer no bigger than a boot box, your local shoe-shop housing all your Municipal Library, the shelves of which have been cleared to make comfortable room for all the books in the British Museum. Or imagine Mr. H. G. Wells—who wants a "World Brain"—an encyclopedia which would co-ordinate all the essential knowledge of the world, walking round with his collected works, over a hundred of them, in his hip pocket.

The difficulty of this conception of "ultra-microfilm," of the Lilliputian book, is finding a film emulsion in which the grain would be small enough not to interfere with print on this scale. Microfilm makes the World Brain conception possible.

When, on the drafting committee of the New Declaration of the Rights of Man, we were discussing the "Right to Knowledge" the point arose when we stated "it is the duty of the community to render all knowledge available to all men." Naturally, there were some doubts as to the feasibility of this sweeping "Right." But, in terms of microfilm, it is practicable. It would be possible to make the Vatican Library, the Bodleian, the British Museum, or any other famous library accessible through their copied works in centres within reach of any enquiring mind. Telephoto communications would enable microfilm records to be sent as easily as telegrams. The consulting "sources" become almost as simple as finding a reference in Whitaker's Almanack.

It is conceivable that the newspapers of the future may be distributed by microfilm, either as an index card through the letter box, with the consequent enormous saving in freightage, or by Telephoto methods to instruments installed in the subscriber's home. The capsule which was sunk by Professor Einstein into the foundations of the World Fair, New York, to be recovered in 5,000 years' time, contained microfilm of contemporary news, events and information.

Microfilm belongs to the new Renaissance, as much as printing belonged to the old.

Ritchie Calder

ON WEARING A MADE-UP TIE

Mr. Lennox Robinson has recently told how once, on arriving at a party, he was reproved by W. B. Yeats in the damning sentence: "No gentleman ever wears a made-up tie." Mr. Robinson, who had taken particular pains to manipulate his tie into a perfect bow, denied that he was wearing a made-up tie, and the great poet apologised. None the less, when at a later date Mr. Robinson met Yeats at some function or other, Yeats once more scrutinised him, and, having done so, repeated severely that no gentleman ever wore a made-up tie. Mr. Robinson again protested his innocence, but, after that, he was careful to be careless in the construction of his bow so that no one could mistake it for the abhorrent machine-made article.

I think that, of all the phobias that afflict respectable people, the fear of wearing a made-up tie is the silliest. After all, it is not everyone who can tie a neat bow, and for bachelors and all helpless men the made-up tie is a godsend. It seems to me to be as sensible an invention as made-up shoes, or made-up trousers. It is a kind of safety-first device, like the safety-razor and the safety bicycle. Stories are often told of some prominent politician, not born in the purple, whose made-up tie fell into the soup when he was dining with the King at Buckingham Palace. But from my own experience I should say that a tie tied by incompetent hands is much more likely to fall into the soup than the ready-made article. I have had experience of both kinds of tie. Many years ago, when I was living in lodgings and was constantly attending first nights at the theatre as a minor dramatic critic, made-up ties were my greatest stand-by. It was either going to the theatre with a made-up tie or with no tie at all, for I could not tie a bow and I am sure my landlady could not have done so either. And the odd thing is, I never noticed people looking at me superciliously: women did not draw aside at my approach during the intervals, murmuring to each other: "He's no gentleman." I doubt, indeed, whether anybody except a great poet or a hosier would spot a made-up tie on a first-night. And the great poet, like Yeats, would probably be wrong.

It is now many years since I have worn a made-up tie, but I do not count this to myself as a virtue. I am merely a coward: my relations have intimidated me. They have even inoculated me with their anti-made-up-tie virus so that I am slightly shocked if I discover that one of my acquaintances is a secret made-up-tie wearer. I was once invited by a friend who is one of the most fastidious of English writers to the King's College Feast, and, as we were walking about the streets of Cambridge, I remembered that I had forgotten to bring a tie and went into a shop to buy one. I asked for one of those white ties with a wing at only one end: out of this sort of tie I can make a bow that is almost certain to last through a dinner and that no one could mistake for the made-up horror. My friend then said that he also wanted a white tie—"a made-up one," he told the shopman. I stared at him as though the bottom had fallen out of civilisation.

Not long after that, I wrote an article taking to task men who wore mechanical ties and who were too indolent or boorish to wear those natural ties which are the mark of a civilised human being. I did not feel very strongly on the matter; but there is a sort of subject on which it is easy to write on either side, and this was one of them. There is no difficulty in proving that tying one's own tie is, like the morning shave, a form of self-discipline and that wearing a made-up tie is the beginning of the descent to an Avernus of slackness. I heard from a friend that my article made a worthy politician foam at the mouth, and, when I was at a dinner-party a few days later, I mentioned this curiosity of behaviour. J. M. Barrie, who was a fellow-guest, shook his head sadly. "I wear a made-up tie," he confessed. "And I," said a Minister of the Crown. It then dawned on me that even in Christian England there existed a large body of secret made-up-tie wearers and that I should long since have had the courage to shut my ears to the nonsensical conventionalism of my relations and to throw in my lot with the revolutionaries.

In any case I cannot see what wearing a particular kind of tie has to do with being a gentleman. It may be argued that a gentleman never pretends, and that in wearing a made-up tie one is pretending to have tied the bow oneself just as to wear a dicky years ago was a kind of pretence that one was wearing a white shirt. I do not think there is much in this argument, however. To say that no gentleman ever wears a made-up tie seems to me as foolish as to say that no gentleman ever smokes a ready-made cigarette. Many smokers—far more than nowadays—used to roll their own cigarettes; but none of them that I ever knew claimed this as a mark of gentility. I wonder why. They might as reasonably have done so as the men who turn themselves into gentlemen by leaving the lowest button of the waistcoat undone.

There has never yet been a satisfactory definition of what constitutes a gentleman. I have been called a gentleman myself. Many years ago, a friend of mine who had been visiting the church in the village in which I lived, told me that he had been reading through the register of electors in the porch, and that I was one of the few electors who were professionally described as "gentlemen." Obviously the local authorities thought this the safest way to describe anyone about whose means of making a living they knew nothing. Or they may have thought that I did no work at all, for it is a common enough illusion that a gentleman is a man who does not work for his living. If that constitutes a gentleman, I have certainly always dreamed of being a gentleman. I might say of myself, indeed, that I am one of Nature's gentlemen in this sense of the word.

Ideas of gentlemanly behaviour change, of course, from age to age. Till latish in the nineteenth century it was considered ungentlemanly to smoke in the street. It was King Edward VII, as Prince of Wales, I believe, who put an end to that foolishness. Then there was the theory that it was ungentlemanly to speak to a lady with a cigarette (or pipe) in one's lips. It may be so, but so many people, both men and women, nowadays talk with cigarettes sticking to their lips that I think the code of manners must have changed. In the small world of my boyhood and youth, again, it was considered ungentlemanly to swear in the presence of women. To-day the world is full of male and female Eliza Doolittles, and who would dream of denying them the right to be addressed as ladies and gentlemen?

I dislike the notion that a gentleman is merely a man who does not violate certain conventions. To be a gentleman would be too easy if it meant only not eating peas off a knife, not calling a napkin a serviette, and such things. How, then, shall we define the word? Lord Hewart once suggested that a gentleman is "a man who is never rude unless he means to be"; and that certainly goes deeper than the definition of a gentleman as a man who never wears a made-up tie. There is a fine suggestion of aristocratic behaviour about it—of the best of the French noblesse of the eighteenth century, courteous or contemptuous as the occasion demanded. It is rather negative, however, as are most of the definitions of a gentleman. Lord Hewart, for example, quoted Mr. Justice Avory as saying that "a gentleman is a man who never uses the word." That is fairly good, but not quite good. I agree that I have always had an unpleasant feeling when I have heard someone saying of someone else: "He's not a gentleman." It seems to me an ungentlemanly remark, and is most frequently used by those whose code of gentlemanliness is no more than skin-deep. Mr. Desmond MacCarthy once quoted a definition of a gentleman—it may have been his own—as a man who does not count his change. This has great merit in its suggestion of a fine indifference to that vulgar and alluring thing, money. But I have known a man not to count his change merely as a result of being drunk. Would it not be going too far to say of him that he was more of a gentleman when he was drunk than when he was sober?

Dr. Inge has attempted a more positive definition of the word. The qualities of a gentleman, he has told us, are "truthfulness, courage, justice and fair play, abhorrence of meanness and crooked dealing, and respect for the personality of all human beings as such." To lay stress on moral qualities rather than on the kind of tie one wears is wise; but I wonder whether, when we use the word "gentleman," we imply the existence of all these excellencies. Is it not possible to imagine a gentleman with a nice gift for lying? He is surely a well-known figure in political history. I doubt whether even courage is absolutely essential to the character of a gentleman. I have known gentlemen not entirely free from timidity. The rest of Dr. Inge's definition, however, is fairly sound. A gentleman should certainly be above meanness, and I should say that his most indispensable qualities are self-respect and consideration for others.

But what if, possessing these qualities, he eats peas off a knife or exposes his braces or wears a made-up tie? That is a problem to tax the wits of an Einstein. A woman in a London police court once said: "My husband is no gentleman: he puts on his trousers before his socks." Was she right, even if her husband in all other respects came up to Dr. Inge's standard? I leave the answer to profounder intellects than mine. I am more certain in regard to the made-up-tie business, however. Let me once and for all define a gentleman as a man who deliberately wears a made-up tie if he wants to.

Y. Y.

JOHN ANDERSON, MY JO!

(Addressed by the Minister of Information to the Home Secretary.)

JOHN ANDERSON, my jo, John,
Syne we were first put in,
We twa hae sat on England's heid
To gie't the will to win;
You dae it wi' yon Special Powers
That ilka morn will grow,
I dae't wi' my wee broadcast hours,
John Anderson, my jo.

John Anderson, my jo, John,
Lang may we pu' thegither
To serve our dauntless countrymen
And gag their waefu' blather,
'T is they maun pay the piper, John,
'T is we maun ca' the tune,
I mayna' raise their spirits up—
You keep their girning doon.

John Anderson, my jo, John,
Your ways are dour and rough,
You dae't wi' pains and penalties,
I dae it wi' a duff;
But blessings on your heavy paw
When winds o' rumour blow,
We'll hang thegither to the end,
John Anderson, my jo.

SAGITTARIUS

Duff: a blow with a soft substance. (Chambers's Scots Dialect Dictionary.)

COUNTRY NOTES

THE summer still maintains its exceptional beauty: day after day of sunshine, evening after evening that lacks only the fireflies to suggest our lost Italy. There is a softness about the air, a scent of musk and hay, a scent borne from the great white lilies to the tumbling roses. It has seemed for weeks as though the weather must break, as though some sudden storm must come to shatter the trance; the monotony of beauty has married itself to the suspense in which we live. Only a few sharp showers have interrupted our anxiety about the drought.

A countryman expressed himself as one coining a new proverb when he said "Hitler and the rain will come together."

The rain has not yet come, except in driblets and a few short storms. Meanwhile, although the corn and the hops are still thirsty, much of the hay has been carried and new stacks have risen to take the place of those that dwindled throughout the winter. I observe with pleasure an evidence of thrift, new in this country though common among the peasantry of other lands: the saving of the rough grass from verges along the roads and lanes. Usually, this is mixed with brambles and other matter which render it unfit for anything but bedding; this year, the grass is being set aside to join the hay upon the stacks. One hopes that this simple lesson has now been learnt once and for all time. If only it could be extended, and even enforced, all over the country, thousands of valuable tons of hay could be added annually to our production.

In the gardens the turf is turning brown and one notices also that the flowers are stunted in their growth owing to lack of rain. The delphiniums are a third short of the height they ought to be. On the other hand, I notice with self-satisfaction that my counsel to leave apparently dead shrubs in the ground till the end of May has been justified. The mistake I made was in saying the end of May instead of the end of June. If ever we get another winter like the winter of 1939–1940, I shall pursue the policy of leaving them even until the following spring. One need never, I find, lose hope. Miraculous resuscitations are still taking place. Within the last week I have discovered many a Lazarus among the dead. Little green shoots are appearing at the base of many a brown dead trunk, proving that the root is alive even though the top may have perished.

In these days, I find, one readily interprets the happenings of Nature into symbolism. It is, I suppose, a psychological effect of war-strain. One clings to the permanence and recurrence of Nature. It is a calming and reassuring thought. Nature goes on, in spite of the mess mankind makes of mankind.

Yet Nature is a nasty cruel thing. I had an example of it when I watched a small horrifying sight: a young frog panting and injured on the garden path. As I came up to him, wondering what harm could have befallen him—a careless foot treading on his soft body, perhaps?—I observed an evil head shooting out of a hole in the wall, an adder, a beautiful snake full of venom, that drew the frog towards him, terrified and fascinated by the superior power. The frog, instead of turning towards me, who would have rescued him from danger, limped towards the wall; tried to clamber up it, and remained clinging on to the bricks by his fore-feet while the pointed head of the adder shot out at intervals from his retreat. I watched. The frog remained frozen as a bas-relief, his body flattened in terror against the wall. The snake put out his dangerous, his fanged head, alive, spiteful, menacing. He did not dare to send out the length of his lithe body because of my presence there.

V. SACKVILLE-WEST

THE DESERTED VILLAGE

FOR some weeks this overgrown village by the sea has been emptying itself slowly. Now it is emptying itself with amazing rapidity. This is in consequence of "our bomb," as we familiarly call it. Chiefly, it is the more affluent class that has vanished. Unfortunately, when the scum is removed from the top, the whole mixture is disturbed. Young children, with their attendant mothers, must be found conditions promising the greatest security, but why this general exodus? Had the Government ordered, or even advised, evacuation, there would be nothing more to be said. But, on the contrary, the Government has repeatedly urged residents in this district "to stay put." And, after all, everyone of us, however feeble, can find something useful to do, if only in spending a little money and thus preventing the ruin of the local tradespeople.

Apart from this indirect damage caused by our bomb, there were also results of a more immediate character. The bomb, or rather bombs, for there were three of them, came one morning out of a blue sky. The other inmate of the house, I, and the cat, sought the protected passage that serves as a refuge, first remembering to leave the doors open so that passers-by could take cover. The cat was frightened; perhaps that was why the two human beings forgot to be.

Nothing further happened. In a few minutes I went out into the lane. People were passing normally. It must have been a false alarm, I thought. My gardener suddenly appeared on his bicycle. Yes, he had been working in the garden and had seen the plane and bombs falling from it; then it flew away over the sea. Wisely he had flung himself on the ground; later a piece of shrapnel was found nearby. Then, not so wisely, but very humanly, he had rushed to the village school two or three minutes distant, and also to his home to see that his boy and his wife were safe. A bit of fallen ceiling was all the damage. But in the nursery gardens, just behind, two chaps had been killed and three others injured.

"Five casualties." How little that means in the press or on the wireless, until it is translated into flesh and blood, into people whom one knows. The courage of these "casualties" was magnificent, I afterwards learnt. They joked and laughed as they were lifted on to the stretchers. The owner of the nursery gardens was among them. His physical hurt was, fortunately, very slight; his financial hurt must have been very serious. Yet when the matron of the hospital commiserated, all he said was: "Oh, well, it doesn't mean the end of England." It was another variant of "Who dies if England lives."

I think what has struck me most about our bomb has been the absence of criticism of the bomber. I should have expected anger, abuse; I have heard none. More than once I have been told that the German was having trouble with his machine, for there was smoke coming from it, and so he had to drop the bombs to lighten his load. One hopes that this explanation is true.

It is a tragic chance that both our dead were young men with their lives before them. In this village there are so many elderly people, like myself, with their lives behind them, who could so much better be spared. But it was only a chance, and not, as in the last war, an inevitable happening. If war has acquired a new horror with the bombing of children, one of its old horrors has, at least, been lessened. In the last war, our young men were killed and maimed by hundreds upon hundreds of thousands, but, practically speaking, no women and no elderly men in this country suffered at all. It was an intolerable position for women; it must have been equally intolerable for the old men. Now bombing has put us all in the front line; we are all sharing the common danger. It is a high privilege: we must not seek to avoid it.

E. ZANGWILL

AT NIGHT

DURING day's foursquare light
All is measured by sight from the outside,
Windows know the relativity of clothes
On their scaffolding of world.
But at night
Structures are melted in a soft pond
Of darkness up to the stars.
The mind swims, full of lamps,
Among foundations of the epoch.
Clothes fade to the blank curtains
Night draws over the blaze of flesh.
The heart—surrounded by money,
Loaded with a house, and hub-like
Centering spokes of fashionable change—
Grows dizzy at uncertainty,
At life longer than single lives,
At an opening out of spaces
Revealing stars more numerous
Than the overcrowded populace.
Every social attribute gained
Falls into the Milky Way.
The questions so long hidden
Behind the answers of the present
Rise like ghosts from dead places.
Into the hand of one moment
There pour the past races
With eyes opening on plains like flowers,
And the nations to come after
Distant as one point of death dismissed
To an unthinkable future,
Crushed into the bones of now
Knit in a single skin of loneliness.
Oh but the "I" might glide
Here into another such "I,"
Double of its own nakedness;
The heart in the heart of darkness find
Stretching from naked birth to naked
Death, like a mind behind the mind,
Its own inconsolable cry
Which the covering day
Of achievement cannot hide.

STEPHEN SPENDER

PLAYS AND PICTURES

"The Prospect Before Us," or "Pity the Poor Dancers," at Sadler's Wells

The title of Ninette de Valois' immensely successful new ballet intends no allusion to the grimness of current events, though we seem to trace in its theme a sly reference to the recent fortunes of the Russian ballet companies. The poor dancers who solicit our pity in the subtitle were evacuated from the King's Theatre when it was burnt down in 1789, and back to it again in the following year when the Pantheon suffered the same fate. Ninette de Valois has treated this curious episode of theatrical history with much wit and skill. As in *The Rake's Progress* she tells her story in a series of scenes punctuated by two transition scenes in front of the same curtain, in this case representing a huge conflagration. But whereas Mr. Taylor (Claude Newman), manager of the King's Theatre, dances a brilliant solo of desperation while his rival, Mr. O'Reilly of the Pantheon (Robert Helpmann) steals from under his nose the great choreographer Noverre and all his principal dancers, O'Reilly, when his turn comes, exultantly collaborates in the desertion of his dancers, since the burning of the Pantheon means the liquidation of his debts. Ninette de Valois has justifiably exchanged the characters of the two historic managers, and endowed O'Reilly with the attributes of the fantastic *blagueur* Taylor, who spent most of the period of his management in the King's Bench prison, entertaining and entertained by the fashionable world, for as he said: "No man at large can manage that theatre." She has composed for O'Reilly one of the most brilliant solos of any ballet, and it is so superlatively danced by Robert Helpmann that coming as it does just before the final curtain it leaves the audience in a frenzy of delight. The most important historic character in this delightful ballet is of course the great Noverre, whom the French Revolution had driven to England. We see him taking two rehearsals and attending a Grand Divertissement of his own devising at the Pantheon, in which Pamela May dances brilliantly as his *première danseuse*, Mdlle. Theodore, and Margaret Dale is a delightful Cupid. It is not possible to convey the greatness of the author of the *Lettres sur la Danse* on the stage, where one *maître de ballet* appears somewhat like another. But he is beautifully danced, and with great tact, by our own fine choreographer Frederick Ashton, who is careful not to overdo those traits of the master which belonged to his mortality, though more freedom might have been allowed to his own fine invention. Constant Lambert has made a delightful choice among the secular music of William Boyce, best known as the organist of the Chapel Royal and as the collector and publisher of our great church music. It fits the dancing to perfection and is charmingly orchestrated. The decor and costumes by Roger Furse, after Rowlandson, are extremely pretty. The season has been extended for a fortnight and the public is expressing its appreciation by filling the theatre every night.

News Theatres

With nothing more tempting in the way of a "big" film than George Formby in *Let George Do It* (a Fernandel without quite the teeth or the dazzle), I have been making a round of the "shorts." Everyone who has had an hour to spend between trains knows the news theatres; dotted strategically about the West End they trap among saunterers those who are above funfairs and depressed by bars. The notion of a fifty-minute news tour of the world has gradually been let slip, and news now holds a comparatively small place in the programme. There is, if we are lucky, a Disney cartoon. "Sport, travel, interest"—the latter indicating, alas, too often the lack of it—fill the rest of the hour. The partial disappearance of news from the screen (not merely as a result of war) has been largely due to bad editing. None of the news reels, for example, can compare for journalistic skill or weight on opinion with *Life* or *Picture Post* which hit much the same public. This week's Movietone News is typical. It starts with the headline, "Momentous Events in the War for Freedom," and this is followed by four items:

(1) "The princesses take a trip up the river."

(2) Leslie Henson and Vic Oliver wisecracking at a National Savings meeting.

(3) Arrival of the Earl of Athlone in Montreal.

(4) Election of Mr. Wendell Wilkie.

A voice, meanwhile, rallies us intermittently to the cause. But then, as though to prove that Movietone can produce a good story, there follows a thrilling demonstration of how one of our fighters attacks and destroys a Heinkel 111; models and cardboard cumulus, backed by a pilot's narrative, give the touch of actuality which so many news flashes disastrously miss. What has been news in the papers isn't necessarily news on the screen: it is bound, in fact, to arrive days late. But that is no reason why history should be shown in cinemas as though it were enacted, week after week, to benefit the pages of the *Tatler*.

The war has, however, stimulated a nerve here and there in our film industry. At several of the news theatres I visited the best film in the programme was *Britain at Bay*, sponsored by the Ministry of Information, and I was delighted to see it more than once. Between them Mr. J. B. Priestley and the G.P.O. film unit have produced a striking piece of work which captures the eye and the imagination at the same time. It is propaganda, but only in the sense that a poem by Auden or MacLeish is propaganda. There is a real eloquence in the way in which the text, written and spoken by Mr. Priestley, guides the pictures and at times develops unexpectedly to the eye. The tone has been taken, quietly, from Churchill's "On the Beaches." To describe this film as an illustrated talk or a picture with comment of England preparing against invasion, gives no idea of its unity. By deliberation of speech and terse and vivid cutting a whole has been successfully built. The photography, needless to say, is brilliant: a shade picturesque, perhaps, in its well-disposed sunlight (there is one lovely shot of rows of urban roofs), but the touch is never allowed to linger. How effective are the glimpses of the Nazi machine—only a few seconds—at the words "Poland, Czechoslovakia . . ."! At a time when most rhetoric falls ghastly flat Mr. Priestley and his colleagues must be congratulated on bringing it off. He wrote, by the way, in these pages last week, saying that the G.P.O. Unit was having a hard struggle to keep alive. It would pay the Government to pay them munificently.

Another propaganda film, *Dangerous Talk*, struck me as being off the mark. Its moral—that careless talk costs lives—we know already; its attitude is impeccable; but all the time we are made to feel that we are in the headmaster's study. "So you see . . ." concludes the officer with the level eyes and the nervous pencil. But there are livelier methods of driving nails home. Fougasse, in a modest way, discovered one; and since we have all been swallowing American anti-gangster films for years, surely the anti-gossip experts could pick up a wrinkle or two there? Or does one only welcome the propaganda meant for somebody else?

For the rest, in this tour of odds and ends, I found that one Mickey Mouse or Donald Duck is still worth ten of any other (*Cousin Gus* is a good example of recent vintage); that jazz bands in restaurants are still mysteriously supposed to entertain on the screen; that one can still rely on flying with frictionless ease from Amsterdam to Sumatra or taking a promenade in the bazaars of Morocco. And for those who may have lost touch with it, there is always the sub-world of the comics, Popeye, Our Gang and the Three Stooges, to rediscover. WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

Summer Exhibition at the Zwemmer Gallery

There is an interesting summer exhibition at the Zwemmer Gallery. The catalogue includes twenty-odd names, almost all of which have become famous in the twenty years' peace. There are several Picassos (some drawings), a very good Juan Gris, paintings by Lurcat, Dali, Khemeluk, Dufy, drawings by de la Fresnaye, Matisse, Rouault, Henry Moore, and so on. Perhaps it is a personal reaction which makes a set of paintings by Paul Klee seem so evocative and haunting. Once the path has been found to appreciating these strange scraped little documents of a German spirituality, it leads to a fascinating reverie. They are related to kaleidoscopes and microscopes, yet they show a manual sensibility which functions even when the work is almost mechanical in method. The close-up of butterfly wings, the rainbow effects of a peacock plume, the veins on a leaf, perhaps the stain on a wall or a hoarding with posters incompletely torn away, these are the starting points, though not the subject-matter of these works. Paul Klee in a well-known passage has described his method of work as "going for a walk with a line." In the process the line becomes a symbol for the growth of a fantasy. Reflective people will recognise in these intense specimens of private sensibility, a nostalgic exaltation like that which is aroused by the smell of bonfires in autumn or the sensation of walking across a carpet of pine needles. Here the images hark back to childhood, to the intense apprehensions of new experiences in an unreal world, and, as in a dream, it is mingled, irrationally lightening, darkening or disintegrating, while the shapes and scales of objects can dissolve or superimpose at will. Here is the secret of Paul Klee's power at this time, a kind of magic which turns back the brooding mind from the hideous future to a past where even if things were frightening they are over now. It is the perfection of escapism, a juju to exercise fear, in tormented over-civilised people.

THE COMING WEEK

SUNDAY, July 21st—

Prof. G. W. Keeton: "The British Tradition," Conway Hall, 11.

Emergency Conference of National Council for Civil Liberties, Conway Hall. Speakers: Frank Owen, Percy Collick, W. H. Thompson (Chairman), 2.30.

TUESDAY, July 23rd—

Concert by the Ebsworth String Quartet, St. George's Church, Bloomsbury Way, 12.45.

Chinese Luncheon Lecture, Lt.-Comdr. E. P. Young: "The Pacific and the European War," Ley-On's Restaurant, 72 Wardour Street, W.1. Tickets 2*s.* 6*d.* from 34 Victoria Street, S.W.1.

Z. F. Willis: "War Service of the Y.M.C.A.," Housing Centre, 13 Suffolk Street, S.W.1, 1.

THURSDAY, July 25th—

Lt.-Comdr. E. P. Young: "Britain and the U.S.S.R.," 2 Keats Grove, N.W.3, 8.

Intimate Opera, new works by Offenbach and Sodi, Mercury Theatre, 8.

SATURDAY, July 27th—

S.C.R. Week-end School: "Youth in the U.S.S.R.," Ambassador's Hotel, Upper Woburn Place, W.C.1. Tickets and particulars from 98 Gower Street, W.C.1.

Correspondence

TEA

SIR,—The rationing of tea has disturbed many people in this country owing to the fact that it may be rightly considered our National Drink. More tea is consumed in Great Britain and Northern Ireland than in all other countries combined, if China is excepted. The inhabitants of this country consume over twice as much per head as the Canadians, three times as much as the Dutch, twelve times as much as the citizens of the U.S.A. and fifty times as much as the Germans.

In 1840 a well-paid artisan included in his week's ration half an ounce of tea, but to-day he consumes three ounces.

It is obvious therefore that a ration of two ounces per week is not low and in fact is higher than that in use in any country in the world except New Zealand, Australia and the Irish Free State.

The popularity of tea and its increased use must be linked with the remarkable increase in the consumption of sugar, which was seven ounces in all forms for a well-paid worker in 1840, and thirty-five ounces in 1937. The enormous increase in sugar as a food was due to the lowering in price. A century ago it cost 6*d*. a pound.

Tea-drinking in this country cannot be dissassociated from the use of sugar as a source of energy, but the rise in price of this food and its rationing has already tended in many cases to bring about some restriction.

In pre-war days strong sweet tea was popular with the poorest sections of the community because sugar was a cheap source of energy and the stimulating effect of the caffeine content of the tea was more than welcome to those who live in a state of chronic malnutrition.

We have to consider what steps may be taken to make a two-ounce ration last a week and whether any hardship is involved. The weekly ration consists of sixteen heaped teaspoons, which would suffice for at least thirty cups of strong tea. Allowing for four cups of tea a day, the amount of caffeine taken is from four to six grains a day. The medical dose of caffeine is one to five grains.

I estimate that we stimulate the population of Great Britain and Northern Ireland in this way by an intake of 13 million lbs. of caffeine a year. How much tannifying material is poured into our stomachs I cannot estimate, but it must be gargantuan, and I am certain that a reduction in tea-drinking will benefit the health of the community in many ways. Caffeine stimulates the nervous system but its abuse is seen every day, especially among women who drink tea to excess. They suffer from palpitation and dyspepsia and are excessively irritable.

Milk, water and fruit juices should be used to replace tea within reason, and the traditional method of brewing the infusion changed, if necessary. Instead of adding milk and sugar the method used in the U.S.S.R. could be adopted. A small pot of strong tea is brewed and a little of the infusion is poured in the cup or glass, which is then filled up with boiling water. A little jam or a slice of lemon and a piece of sugar is added. Tea which is drunk in this way is pleasant, slightly stimulating and fragrant.

The effect of the reduction and rationing of tea will cause some grumbling and discontent among the working class, unless they understand fully that the Ministry of Food means business.

If the diet of the poorest third of the nation is quickly improved, so that no man, woman or child lacks the food essential to preserve health and to afford ample energy requirements, then the rationing of tea becomes a slight nuisance only. There is evidence that the Ministry is fully alive to the urgency of this problem, which is as important as that of the supply of offensive and defensive armaments. B. STROSS

Richmond House,
Shelton, Stoke-on-Trent.

THE PROPHET MUHAMMAD

SIR,—It pained me and the Muslim community in England to read in your issue for July 13th, 1940, your observations in your article entitled "Hitler Proposes" which bracket the Prophet Muhammad with Hitler. Even in normal times these remarks of yours, which, let alone that they are wrong, unthoughtful and inopportune, are certainly far from being in good taste, would have provoked feelings of disgust and anger in the breasts of us Muslims. But it is not merely to give vent to our feelings of indignation that I am writing this letter. I am more concerned with the future of the relations of the Muslims of the world with the British Empire.

I might add that I know enough to understand that your observations were never intended to mean an insult to the Prophet Muhammad; for they are born of an ignorance and misreading of the life history of him in particular and of the history of Islam in general. But that they could appear in such a journal as THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION where one expects to find better knowledge and the capacity to see things in their true perspective cannot be easily condoned. For leaving aside the plea that you did not know that the Prophet Muhammad is regarded by us Muslims as one of the foremost benefactors of mankind and that you did not accept him as such; that you were never told that it is through his teachings and politico-religious genius that the unconscionable barriers of race and colour prejudice are prominent by their absence from amongst one-sixth of mankind and that there are three hundred millions of Muslims in the world, the fact that out of this vast number more than 110,000,000 live under the British Flag and that all the present Allies of the British Empire are purely Muslims—Egypt, Turkey, Irak, etc.—should have been enough to make you pause twice before putting to paper such a hideous comparison that you have deemed fit to institute between the Prophet Muhammad and Hitler. Muhammad is the very essence of antithesis of Hitler. Indeed, it is nothing short of insult not only to the person of the Prophet Muhammad whom we Muslims respect and love as we do, say, for instance, the Prophet Jesus, but also to the intelligence of the world of Islam. I assure you that it is not a mere coincidence that the world of Islam, with all its unpalatable memories of the treatment of the British Government during the last century, is espousing the cause of the British Empire. It is the striking similarity that exists between the ideals of the British Empire and the world of Islam that is mainly responsible for this coalescence. The ideology of Islam is fundamentally opposed to that of Nazism. Islam stands for the universal equality of mankind, whereas the hall-mark of Nazism is racial particularism.

I do hope that you will publish this letter in the interests of a better understanding between the various constituent parts of the British Empire.

The Mosque, ABDUL MAJID,
Woking, Surrey. Imam of the Mosque

[We apologise for a comparison which has given offence to our friends. We need scarcely explain that the only point of the analogy was to emphasise to people who do not appreciate the danger of the Nazi movement that Hitler is to many Germans a prophet as well as a conqueror.—ED. *N.S. & N.*]

CIVILISATION AND LIBERTY

SIR,—Will you permit me to comment upon your criticism of my book, *Civilisation and Liberty?* The criticism seems to me to raise issues of profound importance.

In a broad historical survey I have tried to show that liberty has always been the life-blood of civilisation, which has always decayed when liberty has been denied or restricted; and that the preservation of individual liberty is therefore the most vital of all causes.

You regard this demonstration as "old-fashioned," and "profoundly unsatisfactory," because (you say) I do not appreciate "the forces which have given us an increase of liberty during the last two centuries."

What were these forces? Apparently (in your view) they were negative rather than positive. They were the absence of the "technical" means which have enabled modern governments to make revolution at the barricades impossible. But even the barricades could always be overthrown by "a whiff of grapeshot," except when they were supported by a great weight of opinion. And the liberties we enjoy have *not* been won at the barricades. I have shown in my book that freedom won by violence (as in the case of Cromwell) has always been ineffective; freedom has never been successfully established except by "consent"—that is, by the weight of opinion.

In my book I have recognised that, at various periods, what you call "technical" facts have been an obstacle to liberty. Steel armour and stone castles ensured the supremacy of feudalism. Artillery and standing armies favoured absolute monarchy in the sixteenth and following centuries—except in those countries, notably England, where opinion was strong enough to undermine and destroy them. The reinforcement of absolutism by warlike mechanism is by no means peculiar to our own times, as I have brought out in passage after passage. And I have also insisted that the only safeguard is to ensure that the control of these forces is not allowed to pass into irresponsible hands, through the organisation of the ultimately supreme power of opinion. That is, surely, the purpose of democracy.

But I submit that you undervalue very gravely the importance of individual liberty when you argue that what is needed is merely that "the people at the head of these vast organised States" should be men "who care about the happiness of the people." Has any tyrant ever existed who did not "care about the happiness of the people" as he conceived it? The important thing is that no man or group of men should have the power to determine what constitutes "the happiness of the people," but that the free movement of opinion should decide this all-important question. *There* lies the essence of liberty. *There* lies the vital bearing of individual liberty upon the progress of civilisation. A despot, or a group of theorists, may honestly believe that he or they, and he or they alone, know how to secure "the happiness of the people." But if he or they are put in a position, by "technical" or other means, to impose their view upon the whole community, there will be an end of liberty, and presently an end of progress.

Your view, therefore, that individual liberty is *vieux jeu* is a doctrine of despair. And your argument, which seems to me to be a very shallow one, in no way invalidates the thesis which my book was written to establish—the thesis that individual liberty is the life-blood of civilisation, which must decay if any man or group of men are permitted to impose their special ideas as to what constitutes "the happiness of the people," and to enforce it by command of the "technical" superiority which in your view must always be at the disposal of a government.

The story which I have tried to tell shows that, time and again, this "technical" superiority has not availed to prevent the growth of liberty among peoples who valued it, because they have won control over it. And the all-important thing is that the whole people should realise what liberty means, and how precious it is. RAMSAY MUIR

Park Lodge,
Buxton, Derbyshire.

CHATTERBUGS

SIR,—To penalise irresponsible chatterers for mischievously disclosing information that might serve the enemy is one thing; to penalise people for making legitimate criticisms or for mentioning matters that cannot benefit the enemy is quite another matter. Yet we are being threatened by such a development at the hands of certain pontifical persons who, temporarily, happen to occupy the seats of the High and Mighty. It is right to discourage "defeatists"; it is not right for the "deceitists" (as they have aptly been dubbed) to have it all their own way. Hitherto we have believed that we are engaged in fighting for freedom, as against Nazi tyranny; is it proposed that a leaf should be taken out of Hitler's book? For observe: freedom includes reasonable liberty of speech and discussion. Unless we clip in good time the claws of our Jacks-in-Office, we may find ourselves the victims of the new despotism, in a subtle but sinister form, and all in the name and under the aegis of some Defence of the Realm regulation, against which appeal would be useless. The official mind is not always allied with common sense.

Orchard Lawn, E. H. BLAKENEY
Winchester.

THE COMMUNISTS AND FRANCE

SIR,—Mr. Gollancz's bland assurance that his conversational triumphs over "one of the most distinguished Communists" (he seems to keep a covey of anonymous Communists) are evidence that he was "a thousand times right" or are anything in the nature of evidence at all is breath-taking.

But on the things that are evidence he is altogether too reticent. He does not quote the "j'accuse" letter of the C.P.F. He is silent about Blum, whom he cheered ostentatiously at Bournemouth. About

Paul Faure he has nothing to say. Is he going to be mute also about René Belin? Indeed, has Mr. Gollancz any evidence of his own recent attitude to the French Government, other than his circulation of a booklet that spread illusions as to its democratic nature and its treatment of French trade unionists? R. PAGE ARNOT

35 Gray's Inn Road,
W.C.1.

REFUGEES

SIR,—There is an aspect of internment that has not been ventilated and is a very great hardship on the internees. Since the numbers have been greatly increased there are many who are not even in the much criticised camps, but are confined in regular prisons, including old fashioned and condemned buildings such as Holloway Gaol.

Even that may be unavoidable, but surely they need not be subjected to prison regulations and the lack of facilities involved. Food is not adequate but none may be sent in from friends outside. Letters are limited to two per week inwards and outwards and visits to one per week after an initial period of ten days. Surely these regulations, whether good or bad, are part of the punitive system and if so bear very unjustly on the many internees who have committed no crime, and whose detention is admittedly only preventive.

There is great sadness in the hearts of genuine refugees and anti-Nazis who are being "punished" by the country to whom they now owe their first loyalty. Surely they could be treated with imagination and generosity within the single limitation of confinement. GEORGE W. CADBURY

Toynbee Hall,
Commercial Street, E.1.

I BELIEVE

SIR,—Rebecca West's contribution! I did read it all; I swear I did. I read, therefore, the passage in which Miss West says that mankind derives some of its keenest pleasures from the practice of a beloved art or craft and the care of the young, the old, and the sick; but I nowhere came upon any indication that the motive which, in her view, leads men and women to engage in these activities is in the long run any other than that assigned by Mill, namely, that to people of a properly constituted mind, a warm heart, and a public-spirited conscience they give pleasure. This is, in fact, the position of the intelligent hedonist. Now, I can see no reason why Miss West should not hold it if she likes, or why she should be so cross with me for mentioning the fact. She is, indeed, very explicit on the point, insisting that the only alternative to taking pleasure as at once our goal and standard of value is that of taking pain; "If we do not live for pleasure," she writes, "we will soon find ourselves living for pain." Right! Miss West thinks that men practise art and pursue science for the sake of the pleasures that they derive from them. I do not believe a word of it, but I do not see why she should not believe it if she likes, or mind my saying that she believes it.

In *re* Christianity, Puritanism, hatred of the flesh, and the revolt alleged to have been falsely attributed by me to Miss West against the latter, the argument is surely simple enough. Whatever Christianity in the guise of "the primitive Christian spirit" and the form of "the great Churches" may or may not have been, Christianity in this country in the seventeenth and again in the nineteenth century was predominantly Puritan in outlook. The dislike of the pleasures of the flesh is a familiar Puritan characteristic—I do not care to remember to how many sermons I listened in my youth in which my flesh was made to creep by accounts of the burning that it would get in the next world for the indulgence which I was warned against allowing it in this one. Now, however deep our preference for the superior elevation of the pleasures of the scientist, the artist, and the public worker, it cannot be denied that some pleasures, which happen to be rather intense ones, do arise from the flesh. Thus those who believe that pleasure is at once the end of activity and the standard of value inevitably find themselves at loggerheads with the Puritanism which never calls a pleasure a pleasure if it can call it a sin; all of which Miss West herself recognises, when she speaks of the prevalence under inequitable economic conditions of the view that the poor would be damned "if they were not given" the "opportunity for purification through misery" and censures the widely held fantasy—surely a Puritan fantasy—that punishment which is pain is acclaimed *precisely because it is pain*, "as good and holy." "Is it not," she asks, expounding this fantasy, "a way of salvation to be punished?"

It is only my desire not to put too great a strain on the meagre supplies of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION paper that enables me to resist the temptation of asking Miss West what my "grisly little playmates in the drearier summer schools" have to do with Miss West's belief that we should live for pleasure. I cannot remember ever meeting her in such places, dreary or not. C. E. M. JOAD

4 East Heath Road,
Hampstead, N.W.3.

MUSIC IN WARTIME

SIR,—In your London Diary on April 13th of this year you welcomed the provision of a Treasury grant to help the arts in wartime, and the appointment of a Council under the auspices of the Pilgrim Trust and the Board of Education to administer their joint fund.

On July 13th Mr. Priestley writes of the London Philharmonic Orchestra that "not a penny of public money comes their way."

Your readers may like to know something of what has been done so far in the field of music. The Council has allocated guarantee grants for ten concerts each by the five national Orchestras: the London Philharmonic, the London Symphony, the Halle, the Northern Philharmonic and the Scottish. It has also made a corresponding grant for orchestral concerts in Wales. Under this guarantee the London Philharmonic Orchestra (to quote this as an example) has given seven concerts during the Spring and Summer of this year at Rugby, Watford, Ipswich, Southampton, Grimsby, Kettering and Slough. It is now planning a further series in the Birmingham district. This tour will take place in the immediate future and it is hoped that by working from a centre and concentrating on one district, it may be possible to do several more than the three remaining concerts budgeted for in the original programme. The Council is anxious to do everything in its power to save the London Philharmonic Orchestra now and to extend help in the most practical form to the other big orchestras. In addition, a full programme of smaller concerts is being carried out in churches, factories, schools and local halls of every kind all over the country, and for these the smaller professional orchestras, quartets and quintets are enlisted. M. C. GLASGOW,

Pilgrim Trust,
Adelphi, W.C.2.

Secretary, Council for the
Encouragement of Music and
the Arts

AND NO MAN'S WIT

SIR,—I am not often so up-to-date, but it happens that I had read Miss Rose Macaulay's *And No Man's Wit* before Mr. Anthony West's review of it appeared. I am therefore in a position to render a service to your readers by assuring them that Miss Macaulay has *not* suddenly become an insensitive writer who can make nothing but fun of the Spanish tragedy. A reviewer elsewhere has described the book as "noble." That is not the word which occurred to me, but certainly *And No Man's Wit* approaches (as, knowing Miss Macaulay's work, one would, of course, expect) much closer to nobility than to triviality.

Possibly if Mr. West had read the book with greater attention he would have avoided being inaccurate as well as unjust. He might have noticed, for example, that Spain, "the complexity of its problems and the horror of its past" receives just that "careful scholarship and sound judgment" which he demands. He might have noticed, too, that Armand the Frenchman was not a member of the *Action Française*. Armand couldn't possibly have been.

If Mr. West would read again the last chapter but one he would find there reasons to revise his rather hasty judgment. But what seems to me of real importance in these days is that readers of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION should not be deterred by your reviewer from enjoying such a fine book as *And No Man's Wit* undoubtedly is.

Laurel Cottage, DANIEL GEORGE
Hammers Lane,
Mill Hill, N.W.7.

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I'm smoking

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Current Literature

BOOKS IN GENERAL

The epic of free speech and little things—so that heroic critic, the late G. K. Chesterton, described Robert Browning's *The Ring and the Book.** Here was a giant whom the great rescuer of giants in distress found irresistible. Twice as long as the *Aeneid*, twice as long as *Paradise Lost*, twice as long as the *Odyssey*, and one-third as long as the *Iliad*, Browning's poem is obviously a great something, if only a great miscarriage. An epic, I think, despite Chesterton's brilliant special pleading, it is not, and precisely for the reasons which he gives for the view. Epics deal with great things, not little things; they describe not humanity free but humanity bound by the primitive chains of Fate, ruled by some absolute tribunal of value or dogma. No such fixed or majestic background stands behind the Renaissance police-court story on which Browning based *The Ring and the Book*; on the contrary, the very nature of the search for Truth, which is Browning's substitute, is that it is fluid, restless, uncertain, evolutionary. The stepping-stones by which we rise from our dead selves to higher things may ascend into a mist and disappear from sight.

What Browning did produce was a great Victorian novel or, more accurately, a child of a misalliance between poetry and the novel. The Franceschini murder was essentially a novelist's subject; it was as much concerned with intrigues of property as it was with the aspirations and corruption of the soul. One's mind at once wanders to another nineteenth-century writer who had also found his subject in the *faits divers*. Just as Flaubert patiently wrote out the *dossier* of a similar scandal from Rouen and added to it the alloy of his own love affair with Louise Colet and made *Madame Bovary*, so Browning put something of Elizabeth Barrett into his seventeenth-century Pompilia, and from the memory of his unforgettable crisis of conscience at the time of the elopement—an adventure in which, he felt, he had been on the brink of murder—narrated that flight with Caponsacchi, the priest, which was to lead to her death. Poetry abstracts drama from the *dossier*; Browning reverses the process. Finding the drama concise and dead in the famous yellow book picked up on the second-hand bookstall in Rome, he multiplied and analysed it into the point of view of every possible spectator of the case. Not only were the leading characters given their say, but he collected the common gossip of the streets and even parodied his own subject in the two books which describe the esoteric high jinks of the lawyers. The poem is clamorous with rival voices of people; real people with characters, coats, hats, trades, names and addresses. This impression was not lost on Henry James. The great rival collector of Italian curiosities saw at once that *The Ring and the Book* was a Henry James novel gone wrong—not long enough among other things!

It is curious to note how these two Victorian connoisseurs moved instinctively towards a tale of scandal and spiritual corruption. The period's growing interest in crime, its love of melodrama and its feeling for corruption has considerable social interest; someone should examine it. One can only note that the preoccupation grows stronger as the great bourgeois period becomes self-confident. Flaubert spent his life collecting objects of disgust; Henry James has the shocked expression of a bishop peeping through the curtains; Browning, the casuist, becomes in Chesterton's excellent words "a kind of cosmic detective who walked into the foulest of thieves' kitchens and accused men publicly of virtue." (If one resents Browning's optimism to-day it is because of this ingenious complacency; surely one should accuse thieves of being thieves.) To be more particular, the thieves' kitchens were a traditional interest of the Browning family. The interest may have sprung from the delicacy of their consciences at odds with the violence of their natures. Suburban Camberwell had been unable to contain the imaginations of the Bank of England clerk or of his precocious son. Sunday strollers, as they passed these decorous windows, could not have suspected that inside a child and his father were re-enacting the siege of Troy with chairs and tables, spouting epics and medieval romances to each other, rearguing the battles of forgotten pedants, revelling in the dubious intrigue, the passion and the poisons of the Continent, and all the time keeping up to the minute on the crime story of the week. A man of the eighteenth century and a clerk, Browning's father easily kept this learned escapism cool. The heroic couplet, as practised by Pope, did a good deal to soothe the savage breast. But it was otherwise in the nineteenth-century son. Liberty was in the air, shape lost its symmetry, energy blew itself out into the sublime or the grotesque.

The Ring and the Book is one of those detective stories in which we are given the crime and the murderer at the beginning. We are given an event as we ourselves might read of it in the newspaper and the object is to discover what is true and what is false in everyone's story and in the crowd's conjecture. What his method does is to complicate and recomplicate suspense, to shift us from one foot to the other in growing agitation and excitement before the mystery.

Do we feel for Pompilia, still not dead, with twenty-five dagger-wounds in her? Very little. One is, of course, more moved than one is about the conventional corpse of a detective story; but not vastly more. The true incentive is to the brain, in watching this pile of evidence mount up and the next "point of view" undermine it. Now we are thrown into the common gossip of Rome and no one excels Browning in the rendering of rumour, scandal, the hurly-burly of common insinuation:

> At last the husband lifted an eyebrow—bent
> On day-book and the study how to wring
> Half the due vintage from the worn-out vines
> At the villa, tease a quarter the old rent
> From the farmstead, tenants swore would tumble soon—
> Picked up his ear a-singing day and night
> With "ruin, ruin"—and so surprised at last—
> Why, what else but a titter? Up he jumps
> Back to mind come those scratchings at the grange,
> Prints of the paw about the outhouse; rife
> In his head at once again are word and wink,
> *Mum* here and *budget* there, the smell o' the fox,
> The musk of the gallant. "Friends, there's falseness here!"

The case for Pompilia and her priest never quite recovers from the effectiveness of Franceschini's defence. His story is a false one. He is as villainous as Iago; all the better he draws his own character: the down-at-heel noble, rich in tradition, empty in purse—"a brainful of belief, the noble's lot"—cynical no doubt, but look how he has been treated; can he be blamed for bitterly resenting the trick played on him by Pompilia's ignoble parents?

With the cunning of an excellent story-teller Browning gradually demolishes our credulity about Franceschini. We hear Caponsacchi the priest. Can we believe that this handsome, cultivated, worldly young man, known for the slackness of his vows, came to desire the salvation and not the seduction of Pompilia? But we know our Browning by now, the "cosmic detective" nosing out virtue in our unlikeliest moments; and though Pompilia's lawyer appears to be much fonder of his diction than careful of the interest of his client, we know that the unravelling of motive and evidence will eventually lead to her innocence. Her simple story comes from her own lips, artless and pathetic, as she dies. One more of those Victorian innocents, fragile, wraith-like, childish, affecting at their best, sickly at their worst, breathes her last in the Victorian phantasmagoria where ogre-like villains and corrupted worldlings nudge and snarl together in the smoke. How they liked suffering in women.

The realism, his eye for the physical, convey an extraordinary excitement. He cannot describe an emotion or sensation without putting a hat and coat on it:

> Till sudden at the door a tap discreet
> A visitor's premonitory cough,
> And poverty has reached him on her rounds.

or

> . . . Guido woke
> After the cuckoo, so late, near noon day
> With an inordinate yawning of the jaws,
> Ears plugged, eyes gummed together, palate, tongue
> And teeth one mud-paste made of poppy milk.

or

> The brother walking misery away
> O' the mountain side with dog and gun belike.

His people live, their thoughts live; indeed they live so keenly that in the metaphors they become a crowd of other things and other people, cramming the narrative until the main theme is blocked and obscured. A stuttering demagogue, said Chesterton. A crowd of thoughts, arguments, theories, casuistries, images, doubts and aspirations, in physical shape, trying to get to the point of his pen all at once and sometimes reducing him to illegibility.

The Ring and the Book of the seventies has become *The Waste Land* of to-day. The Browning bric-à-brac, the Browning personalities, the "points of view," the arguments, have degenerated into a threadbare remnant:

> These fragments I have shored against my ruins.

Shantih, shantih, the end of individualism and free speech. When one reads the heirs of Browning and especially the subjective, personal and obscure poets with their private worlds, their family jokes, shop talk and code language, one sees what their work has lost in interest and meaning by the lack of that framework of dramatic realism by which Browning's poems are given cogency. There is a reason for this loss. Private life had its public sanction; nowadays private life is something which we live against the whole current of our time. For the moment.

V. S. Pritchett

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* *The Ring and the Book*. Oxford University Press. 5*s*.

NEW NOVELS

The Pool of Vishnu. By L. H. Myers.
Cape. 9*s*. 6*d*.

Fame is the Spur. By Howard Spring.
Collins. 9*s*. 6*d*.

If the philosophic novel is rare, arid and usually unsatisfactory, the reasons for its failure are not far to seek. The novel, after all, is designed to describe personal relationships and to present its characters not partially or in certain moods only, but in all their emotional completeness. The search for truth, alas, is, unlike the exercise of the passions, merely an occasional occupation, and even professionals have generally found more things in life than are recorded in their philosophies. Had the Socratic Dialogues been dramatised in fiction we should either have witnessed the unedifying spectacle of the noble young disciples, so easily convinced in argument, rushing from the precepts of the Master to indulge in treason, tyranny and vice; or alternatively have been bored by the appropriate but unhistorical behaviour of a group of invented puppets.

DIAMONDS TO SIT ON

A RUSSIAN COMEDY OF ERRORS

by

Ilya Ilf

and

Eugene Petrov

" This book is a scream . . . . In 'Diamonds To Sit On' mirth goes free. She loses her identification papers in the opening chapter and they are never found. Naughtiness makes decency credible and when the clever *dénouement* arrives it is not merely good communism, it is common goodness. We look round thinking, 'Well, after all, Russia must be a large place, in every way, and if this isn't sound propaganda, what is?' . . . . The fun is overwhelming. I giggled and leered in a railway carriage over it and that is a difficult thing to do in war-time. I hope that other members of the Labour Book Service will giggle, too, and that they will surmount, as I have, their initial feeling of surprise at being served with a scream and will realise that even from the serious point of view they are getting value."

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Civilization and Liberty

RAMSAY MUIR

'A timely and admirable book. It is short, simple and straightforward.' *Punch.* 'An admirable blend of scholarship and fervour.' *The Times Literary Supplement* 'It is civic spirit at its best which has inspired the writing and eased the publication of this book.' *Spectator* 2*s.* 6*d.*

The Pool of Vishnu

L. H. MYERS

'It would be beautiful and spiritually exciting if published at any time, it is of practical importance now. *The Root and the Flower* and *The Pool of Vishnu* together, are a magnificent achievement.' *Time and Tide*

'Its sensitive humour, the interest of its ideas, the charming freshness of its descriptions give it all the surface graces we could ask. It may conceivably turn out to be the one great English novel that was produced by the 'Thirties.' *C. Day Lewis for the Book Society* 9*s.* 6*d.*

Country Tales *Thirty stories*

H. E. BATES

'He is one of the most attractive story-writers to-day. Perhaps the pick of the collection is *The House with the Apricot*, which comes as near perfection as one can imagine.' *Times Literary Supplement* 7*s.* 6*d.*

Untimely Ulysses

VINCENT BRUN

'Anton, who left Austria as a child, returns. He finds himself in the middle of a tremendous intrigue involving Nazis, Austrian patriots, Jews, exiles, his own family and the Gestapo. Anton is baffled and thwarted. It may be like Kafka, but Mr. Brun convinces us that it is also like Austria in 1939.' *Spectator* 8*s.*

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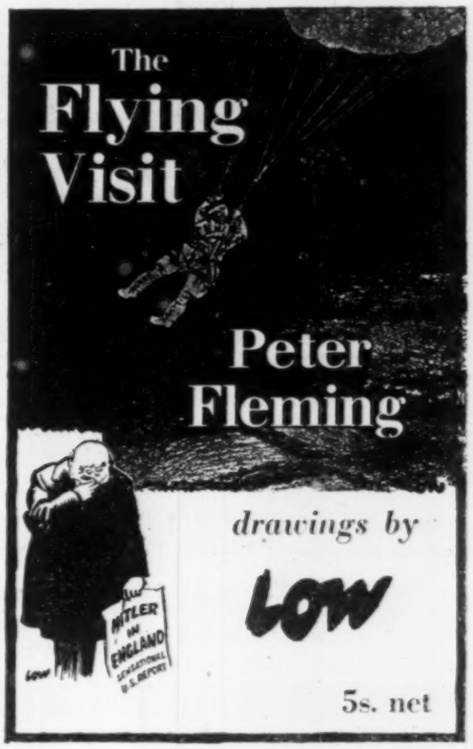

JONATHAN CAPE · THIRTY BEDFORD SQUARE · LONDON

The problem, in short, is simply this: moral and intellectual speculation are but a small part of the life even of the most introspective persons; whereas a good novel is concerned to show character as a whole. The philosophic novel must either invent characters so special that they scarcely impinge on ordinary existence, or discard a great deal of what should be its proper material.

Mr. Myers, whose *Pool of Vishnu* and *The Root and the Flower* comprise one of the best examples of what may be called the Christian-Yogi ethic in English fiction, has surmounted this initial difficulty with considerable skill. In stories of this kind the choice of milieu is always a serious problem, for whereas mystic sages fit very ill into modern dress, as Mr. Huxley's readers have found, any remote or historical setting is likely to defeat the author's purpose by smelling of school-book romanticism. In Mogul India Mr. Myers has found the perfect background. An advanced and subtle civilisation about which most of us know nothing; a world where Gurus are part of the landscape and in which all the chief characters can have huge private means without exciting us to any class consciousness; an environment where politics are neither sordid nor alarming, and in which the world-renouncing sage need not exist squalidly on fish and chips or charity in a third-floor-back, but can squat enthroned beneath a banyan tree in comfortable abnegation, conversing on the eternities with the unhappy sons of princes. Mr. Myers' characters, indeed, are free from all problems save the grandest—the relations between Man and Woman, the Duty of the just Ruler, etc.—and I cannot help feeling that wise and intuitive as his analysis is, it is not so complete a guide to real existence as he himself seems to believe.

To unravel the complexities of Mr. Myers' plot would be at once laborious and unnecessary. Roughly, it tells in picturesque and episodic form the traps and temptations that beset the path to true understanding and the good life. In *The Root and the Flower* we saw the corruption of the worldly and the false intellectuals; in the present book the evils that surround Prince Jali are more subtle, ranging from the self-sacrifice that is really vanity and sloth, to the poisonous and obsessing love that gives to its object everything save freedom. There are also glimpses of social problems, and hints of the agonising difficulty of behaving naturally to one's economic inferiors. To these even the wise Guru offers no clear solution, beyond recommending a benevolent and educative paternalism combined with a careful ease of manner.

The Pool of Vishnu is a perfectly poised and finely polished piece of writing that would stand, if necessary, on its stylistic merits alone. It is not an historical novel (no attempt has been made to reproduce either the facts or the spirit of the age it purports to describe), but creates a universe largely free from the importunate irrelevancies of the ordinary world in which soul and sensibility can struggle out their destinies unimpeded against a background as bright and unreal as the illuminations of a Persian manuscript. As the scene is, for all the author's vigorous visual imagination, a little detached from the truth; so, I suspect, are the book's philosophical first premises—the beliefs that there lurks in every man the will to a spiritual life, and equally, that there is in everyone a central drop of honesty about his own motives. All men, Mr. Myers appears to believe, are born good and will follow the right if it is clearly shown them, so that hope for the future depends mainly on the example set by the virtuous individual. In his presentation of this attitude the author does not play quite fair. The good characters are all, in one way or another, specially privileged, so that the base have only a limited power to oppress them; while most of the evil figures are providentially removed or destroyed before they can do a final harm. Mr. Myers' watch-tower has many chambers, including dungeons, drawing-rooms and counting-houses as well as the Sage's cell, but in all of them, I feel, the walls are of purest ivory.

Hazlitt once likened the conversation of his friends to such commodities as green tea and anchovy sandwiches, and it would not be uncomplimentary if we followed his example and compared the effects of Mr. Spring's new novel to those of good whiskey. *Fame is the Spur* is old stuff but none the worse for it; we have swallowed the mixture often before, but it still produces the accustomed stimulation; the first sips seem crude, but the flavour improves with tasting, and the dose ends by exciting all the simpler emotions. The plot is a very old friend. A boy brought up in a lower-middle-class, chapel-going family resolves to get on in the world, and with the help of a pleasing manner, a touch for florid sentiment, and unceasing application to business eventually becomes a wealthy and respected National Labour peer. Yet, although he wins material success, he loses his youthful integrity, etc., etc., and drops his old comrades, like worn-out stepping stones, one after another by the wayside. At last, very old, famous and lonely, he begins to realise that fame, after all, is not the only thing in life, but that there are other values, etc., etc. *Fame is the Spur* does everything that one would expect of it. It is lively, dramatic, often arresting; and although its characters are somewhat typical of the genre, they are delineated with an almost Dickensian verve. Mr. Spring is one of the best craftsmen in the business, and could he but collaborate with one of our blunt-nibbed but imaginative introverts, what an astonishing novel we should have.

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AN EPISCOPAL SYCOPHANT

Nathaniel, Lord Crewe, Bishop of Durham (1674-1721) and his Diocese. By C. E. WHITING. *S.P.C.K.* 16s.

It is pleasant to turn for a moment from the horror of the present into the agreeable paths of episcopal sycophancy under the Stuarts. Perhaps it may be thought that, in seventeenth-century conditions, the two terms are synonymous. But, strange as it may seem, there were in those days bishops who were not sycophants, while everybody is agreed that Crewe outdid most people in clerical careerism. Bishop Creighton, who should know, speaks of his "discreditable career as the favourite ecclesiastic of the Duke of York," and says that his "public life had been sufficiently ignominious"; and again, that he "is a remarkable instance of a man whose posthumous munificence has done much to outweigh a discreditable career." But was he altogether as bad as he has been painted, especially by Burnet? (We must remember that Burnet wanted his bishopric and did not get it.) It seems not.

Appearances, it is true, are rather against him. A younger son of a rich Northamptonshire squire, who was worth £4,000 a year in land and was ennobled at the Restoration, he was nursed in Puritan persuasions. (The Whig Bishop Compton of London, whom Crewe was to suspend from his functions in James II's reign and who consequently extended the invitation to William III to come over, shared the same wet-nurse with Crewe.) Handsome, well-connected, well-off, of good breeding and a man of business, Crewe attracted the favour

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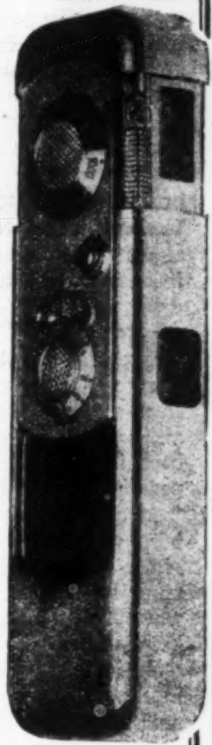
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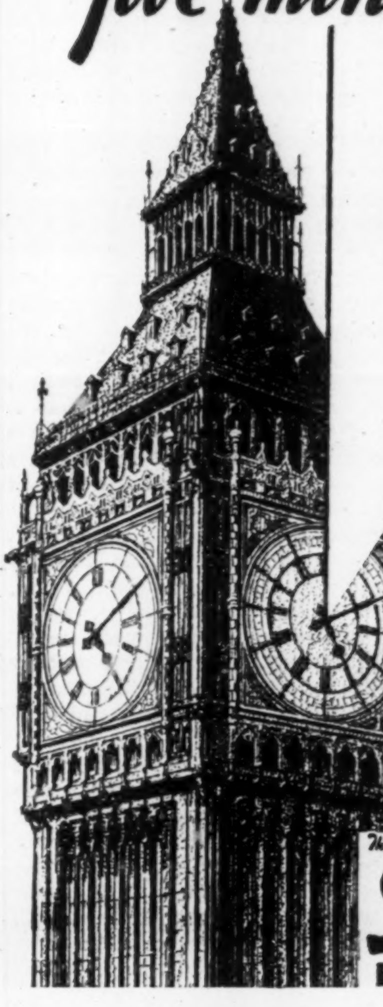

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So I am certain I am doing many people a service in telling them about a remedy which is now widely prescribed by doctors for the relief of pain. This remedy is Phensic.

Phensic is so good and reliable that surgeons are using it to soothe pain after operations—in preference to morphia.

When I say "good and reliable" I mean a great deal. I mean that Phensic will stop your headache without starting anything else—however delicate you may be Phensic will not harm you. There are no depressing after-effects.

On the contrary—Phensic will calm your nerves, refresh you—buoy you up. I am familiar with patients who, within half an hour of taking Phensic, perk up and want to go out and enjoy themselves, hardly able to credit the relief from pain.

The ingredients in Phensic are especially suitable in cases of rheumatic or neuralgic pain. They are prescribed for the relief of migraine (the severest kind of headache).

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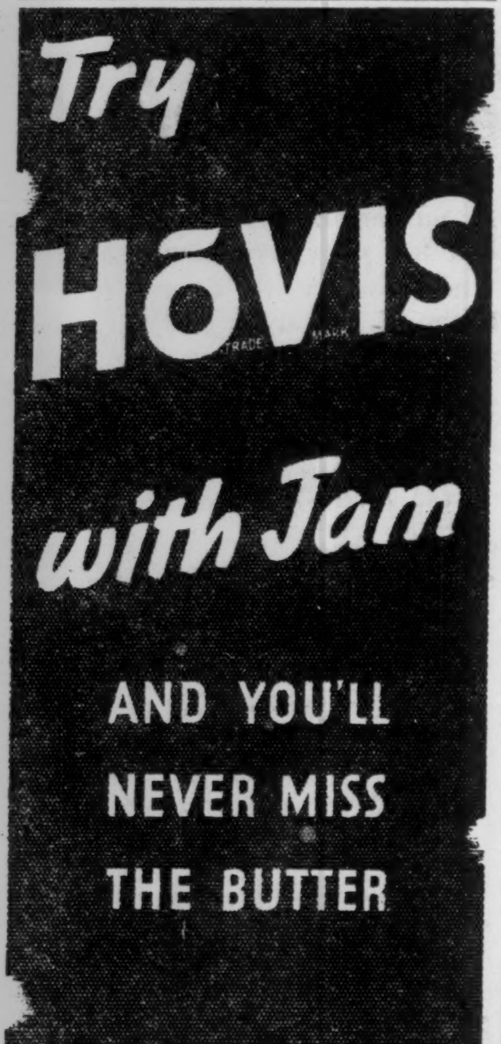

Macclesfield

able attention of Charles II and James upon a royal visit to Oxford. He was noticed by Lady Castlemaine—though that does not seem to have meant with him what it did with some others. From that moment his feet were on the ladder of promotion. Appointed Dean of the Closet in place of some bishop who had made himself objectionable, he behaved like a gentleman and did not publicly rebuke the King's pleasures. Pepys heard him preach at Whitehall on the text "But seek ye first the kingdom of God and his righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you." He was quite right: they were. The sermon was a great success: he "delivered it very readily, decently and gravely, beyond his years; so as I was exceedingly taken with it, and I believe the whole chapel, he being but young; but his manner of his delivery I do like exceedingly." Dear Pepys!

So favoured, so equipped, Crewe was not long in becoming a bishop. He got the see of Oxford, keeping with it the headship of Lincoln College and the fat rectory of Witney *in commendam*. When James married Mary of Modena, Crewe performed the somewhat empty Anglican formularies, in the efficacy of which neither of the royal partners believed. Next year he was rewarded with the palatine bishopric of Durham, which he kept through the vicissitudes of the next forty-six years. When Archbishop Sheldon died, old Lord Crewe, fearing his son's ambitious spirit, prayed that he might not be appointed: the son used to attribute the loss of the archbishopric to his father's prayers. However, Durham was a good thing, a very good thing, with its princely possessions and jurisdictions and revenues, the Castle and Auckland to live in, besides his own houses in the south. Pepys later uttered the unfavourable opinion that the bishop lived "more like a prince of this than a preacher of the other world." It was a time when the development of coal-mining in the North brought increased revenues to the palatine bishop: he was able to live in great state and entertained magnificently—which Canon Whiting appears to deplore; but after all, why not?

Crewe's social significance lies in that he was one of the first members of a noble family since the Reformation to become a bishop: an interesting sign of the recrudescence of the Anglican Church to its full-fledged and comfortable place in the society of the eighteenth century, the lawn sleeves, wigs and port-wine complexions of all those ecclesiastics who decorate the halls of Oxford colleges. What gave Crewe such a bad name was not so much his servility to James, his willingness to become an instrument of his in the court of ecclesiastical commission, as his fine nose for political atmospherics. When Father Petre was admitted to the Council, he ceased to attend; when William came over, Crewe and his old enemy Compton were the only bishops who voted for the resolution declaring the throne to be vacant. After that, he prudently went abroad for a holiday in mufti, came back only just in time to take the oath to William and so saved his bacon and his bishopric. He still had thirty years to run: it was worth doing. He consoled himself for political disappointment with marriage and put himself right with posterity by his numerous bequests and charities. When the scarlet-robed doctors at Oxford meet together before Encaenia to consume Bishop Crewe's champagne and strawberries, one wonders how many of them know what sort of man it was to whom they owe this largesse.

Nor can such a person, one may be sure, have been so bad as he was made out. The nineteenth century had such drearily exacting standards in these matters; we understand such types rather better in ours. Crewe's inner nature, his personal relations, are of an elusive character, Dr. Whiting tells us; one sees him as a formal, courtly, rather empty ma But he was a good administrator of his dioces and he has found a sympathetic biographe well acquainted with its routine, at last. I this work justice is rendered to one of the mos notable occupants of the see. Careful, accurat based upon sound historical research, this boo will hardly appeal to the general public; bu it should appeal to several smaller public those interested in the seventeenth century, th Church of England and to loyal North-country men.

A. L. ROWSE

MONKEY TRICKS

Poltergeists. By SACHEVERELL SITWEL
Faber. 15*s*.

However many ways there may be of writing book, one should always allow for one more: th Sitwell way. It works mysteriously. *Poltergeis* are the theme. Ten narratives about *poltergeis* are chosen from different times and places an reprinted. These are preceded by an Examination, an Introduction, a Foreword and a nameles piece one might call a Preface, arranged so th the reader shall have each story several time over before he comes to it. Does this seem little unnecessary? But Mr. Sitwell has othe gestures, other passes to make. A long poem b Miss Edith Sitwell is quoted entire on pages 9 an 10, again on pages 113, 114 and 115, and in cas even now we have missed the 'fluence, large re-quoted on pages 115–119, together with th encomium which only one Sitwell can bestow o another. Style? Something here of the pisk or the boggart intrudes to suit the subject. "I Cashen's Gap there is, as well, a certaint almost, that ventriloquism was practised, agai it is likely, in a trance-like state that preclud deliberate fraud." The commas, even also, len we are sure, very nearly, a flavour, it might b said, to this sort of writing. Add that there is a attempt, accompanied by the editorial "we," treating the matter scientifically, while th author's real achievement has been to find a w back into Gothic; that the scepticism of o page is balanced by credulity on another; th "conclusions," not so very different, had alrea been reached by Andrew Lang in a brillia article in the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*; and th natural deduction would be that *Poltergeists* is worthless, unreadable book. Yet it is far fro being that.

The other side of the Sitwell talent comes o in the wit, charm and allusiveness which he and there lift a prose so inexplicably uneve At times imagination does catch light at so peculiar happening or homely-horrific deta An essay of about the length of "Murd Considered as One of the Fine Arts" wou probably have held all the impressions M Sitwell wished to convey; and might ha provided, incidentally, a real contribution to t tail-end of dandyism. *Poltergeists*, with 450 odd pages, is too much of a rag-bag to that. The reader will find that it excites so shudders and some curiosity, but that the fie of excitement is limited.

The activities of the *poltergeist*, or rompi spook, rarely extend beyond raps, explosio broken crockery, bed-clothes suddenly whisk away, pebbles or lighted matches dropped fro nowhere, perhaps a warning sentence scrawl on the wall. In more happy mood it m lift a beer-mug from the table and return mysteriously filled, or empty a chamber-pot someone's head. A small animal is sometim seen scuttling out of the fireplace or throug locked door. Such happenings would no dou be alarming to encounter, but they do not ma for variety in reading. Their interest is th many of the cases are well authenticated, a that they seem to attach to children—usua girls—at the age of puberty: the creator of su disturbances is not herself necessarily aware

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ROUTLEDGE

her power over objects surrounding her. This power is no more mysterious, Mr. Sitwell suggests, than freak lightning. But it is a good deal rarer. Surely the more useful comparison would be with table lifting and the planchette—tame enough exercises in the same direction. The *poltergeist*, too, will sometimes answer questions or work out little sums.

Among the narratives reprinted here the most interesting and dramatic are those of Epworth Rectory (1716), the Drummer of Tedworth (1682), the Calvados Castle (1867), and Willington Mill (1835). In recent years there has been the notorious case of the Talking Mongoose, referred to by Mr. Sitwell as one of the four " classical " examples but not described. Probably he was wise to exclude it. One's impression at the time was that its right place was in the evening papers. Boredom, alas, as the reader of *Poltergeists* may discover, follows only too soon in the wake of these knock-about ghosts. However, Mr. Sitwell has produced a volume the curious can rummage in.

G. W. STONIER

SCIENCE AND WAR

Science in War. A Penguin Special. *6d.*

Warfare depends on science far more to-day than at any other period of history. This is just a special case of the increasing dependence of all social activities on science. It is unnecessary to relate how far this development has gone, but reflection on the influence of the steam engine, the electric current and radio, and the internal combustion engine, on the increase and control of the population, soon reveals its vast extent. The influence of science penetrates into innumerable features and details of modern life. For this reason, it is often said that the age is scientific. No scientist would, however, care to make this claim. It is evident that though science enters into social life in an unprecedented way, social life itself is a most unscientific and sinister chaos.

The immediate cause of this situation is the separation between science and government. The theory of government which still prevails was founded in a pre-scientific era. It assumes that verbal discussion is sufficient for deciding on lines of policy. The tradition goes back to Plato, and the belief that argument is the best means of learning truth and discovering a basis for action. The statesman should, according to this view, listen to facts provided by scientists and mechanics, and take them into account in forming his decisions on policy. The scientist is to provide evidence, but to have no part in the choice and execution of policy.

That is the position in this country. The Government has considerable and, on the whole, ably-staffed scientific research departments, which solve specific problems and tender information, but its policy is not formulated by the methods of science. The persons who best understand the methods and possibilities of science are scientists, and it is not to be expected that policy will be handled scientifically by men who are not scientists. There are no scientists in the Cabinet, and only two in the House of Lords. In the Commons, the situation is even worse, for there is only one working scientist there.

Some might think that this difficulty could easily be overcome by a general substitution of scientists for politicians. This would make things even worse. Scientists have created a disastrous tradition of standing apart from affairs, and willingly acting as the agents of non-scientific statesmen. This withdrawal of scientists from affairs is fairly recent, and is only about two centuries old. The founders of the Royal Society in the seventeenth century were in the most intimate relations with the source of political power, and there has never been such a close connection between science and government since. Brouncker, Wilkins, Wren, Sprat, and many others were men of affairs besides scientists. Until the original tradition of the Royal Society is revived, and scientists again take part in affairs and acquire experience of politics, scientists will not know how to be of use, as scientists, inside the Cabinet.

Fortunately, the original tradition of the Royal Society is reviving. It was chiefly created by Bacon, who was a statesman interested in science, and wrote the first great books on the meaning of science for society. He has been followed to-day by J. D. Bernal, in his great book on *The Social Function of Science*. What is wanted in the ultimate direction of the State is not scientists of the recent specialist tradition, but men of scientific achievement who are experienced and learned in politics. It happens that Britain has about the best collection of these in the world at the moment. Why does she not use this unique asset ?

In the present crisis, Government and people must draw out every invention and resource. Science is nothing more than rational initiative. Its procedure is based on the assumption that problems may be solved. Its essence is organised optimism. It is the very spirit needed to win the war.

This is the natural attitude of the scientist in solving any problem. A large number of scientists are engaged in the present war effort. Many of these feel that fertile improvements in the use of science might easily be made, and that this is of the greatest urgency.

In the middle of June a group of them met round a dinner table to discuss this problem. They were immediately asked to write down their views, and explain without delay to the widest possible public something of what science has done, and what science could do, to win the war. With the energetic aid of their publisher, they have succeeded in planning, writing and producing this book of explanations and suggestions within one month. Some twenty-five scientists have contributed to it, all of whom are authorities in their own fields.

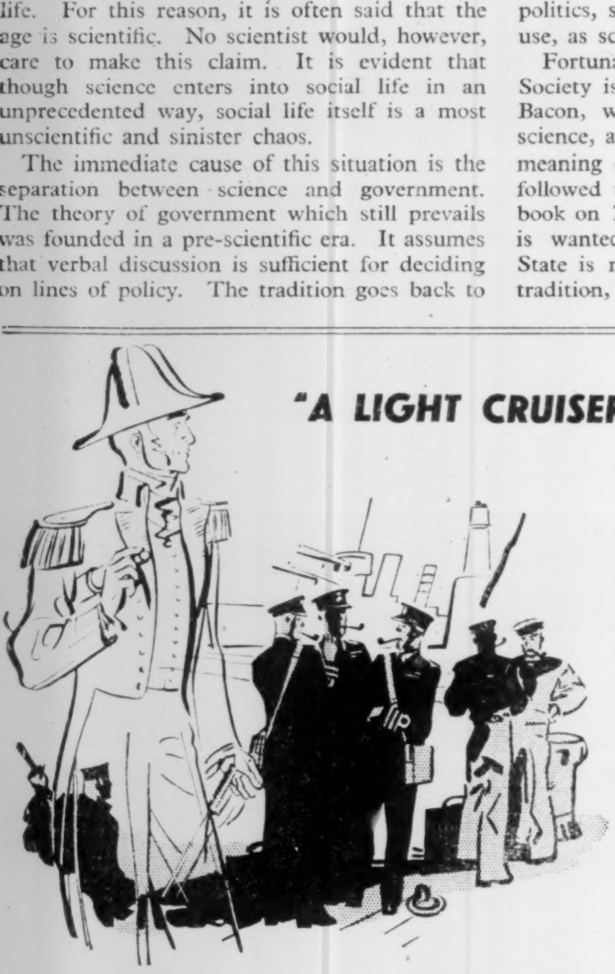
The contributors are, of course, well aware that there are many good things of which they cannot write, and that in such a speedy effort there will be a number of inaccuracies. Their chief concern is the official conception of how science should be used.

The book is divided into eight parts. The first and last consist of statements of general points of view. The others give illustrative examples of how science has been used in war production, as, for example, in the manufacture of substitutes and aircraft, in improvisation against new weapons such as the magnetic mine, and in the control of diseases to which troops were formerly subject, such as typhus and typhoid. The use of science in the conduct of war is discussed in relation to tanks, camouflage and military morale. The possibilities of fresh aid in medical science are illustrated by research on wound-healing and blood storage. The application of science to nutrition and agriculture, with special reference to vitamins, land policy, fertilisers, seeds, pests, and animal breeding is reviewed, and there are sections on communal feeding and new sources of food.

The accommodation and health of industrial workers is considered from the scientific point of view, and in a last chapter there are a series of discussions of why science has not been properly used, and what should be done to secure that it is.

One of the great merits of the book is the large number of insufficiently known facts and views to which attention is drawn. For instance, science has formerly been used in warfare almost exclusively for the invention of things, such as weapons and communications. But it may prove even more powerful in the *management* of things. Geographic and economic knowledge, combined with modern mathematics, might lead to a revolution in strategy far greater than that introduced by Napoleon. The strategy and tactics of aerial fighting, either in single or in group combat, are already based on the mathematical theory of probability. Remarkable advances may be expected from the proper application of statistics to the analysis of the performance of weapons on the field of battle. Tests on the trial ground are not decisive.

The problem of military morale has scarcely been studied at all from the scientific aspect. It cannot be deduced from textbooks on psychology dealing with hypothetical herd instincts and individual psychoses, but must be based on the practical study of how troops actually do behave in and off the field of battle. This can be done only by trained observers attached to



"A LIGHT CRUISER, EH?"

"SO this iron-clad monster is what they call a ' light cruiser ' nowadays? Why, the thirty-gun frigate I commanded at Navarino would seem like a pinnace beside her! . . . Yet I notice one familiar feature — the men still smoke our old favourite, Murray's Tobacco. How the ship's company used to crowd to the rail when the bum-boat came alongside with fresh supplies of Murray's. . . . "

* * *

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the forces. Who has yet heard of an official corps of military anthropologists on the battlefield? Yet these are needed to discover the best ways of persuading the modern educated man, who, unlike the former ranker, is not a social outcast, to fight. The collapses of Poland and France were due less to bad conditions, or even to a shortage of equipment, than to a deep, and as events have shown, justified mistrust of their leaders. Thus, in any war in which the technical equipment is not very unequal, psychology and the political line are of decisive importance.

Training could be used to minimise the moral effect of new weapons. For instance, soldiers should be accustomed to the noises of battle before their first engagement, and those unable to become adapted to them should be transferred to civilian work.

Small improvements in wound prevention and healing may have important results when the number of casualties is large. In the last war, it was discovered that if wounds were infected by fly-grubs, they often healed exceptionally quickly. This is probably due to substances excreted by the flies, and attempts are being made to determine what they are and how they act. An even more remarkable discovery was made in the recent Spanish War. Wounds were bound and cased in plaster, and were not re-dressed until the stench had become quite unbearable. It seems that the wound exudes some substance that promotes growth, and under these apparently bad conditions recovery may be unusually rapid.

The health of the whole population, civil and military, might be protected by giving each member a daily biscuit containing an adequate quantity of the most important vitamins and salts. The annual cost would be £2,000,000. It has been recently discovered that a reduction of the consumption of energy-producing foods by the great majority of people need not impair the health or produce hunger. If the resources of science were fully mobilised, there is little doubt that Britain could feed herself. But devastating accounts of what is actually being done in plant and animal breeding, and farming policy, then follow.

The Ministry of Agriculture's handbook on *British Breeds of Livestock* enumerates the qualities of the beasts in a catalogue of breeds reinforced by anecdotes, but gives no data on comparative practical utility. A poultry journal advertises an implement for defining sex. The same implement has been offered for telling the sex of fruit trees (which have no sex).

This little book is probably the most important that has been published in Britain since the beginning of the war. It is full of the constructive inspiration of science, and contains the only spirit that can win the war for freedom.

J. G. CROWTHER

THE LOST INSTINCT

Mythology of the Soul. By H. G. BAYNES. *Ballière, Tyndall and Cox.* 32*s.* 6*d.*

It is not due to chance that this book, though taking many years to write, should appear at a moment when Europe is plunged in a titanic struggle presenting itself overtly as a conflict between nations or ideologies, but which at the same time has its parallel in each individual soul. In the personal sphere the ever-present conflict becomes acute only when cultural or individual factors have caused a man to disregard or repress knowledge of what in terms of analytical psychology is called the " shadow " side of his own nature, wherein are contained the archaic elements which, when not assimilated, turn into autonomous complexes having a revolutionary existence of their own.

It is this problem of the autonomous complex, first formulated by Jung, that Dr. Baynes, Jung's chief exponent in this country, here demonstrates by means of a detailed study of schizophrenia based on an analysis of two different types of schizoid patient both leading outwardly successful lives but being troubled with inner conflicts that mirror, and at the same time point to a cure for, the dissociation of our times. It is in fact one of the paradoxes inherent in human nature that, while a reasonable adaptation is necessary for the conduct of life, it is, as he points out," extremely probable that a schizophrenic psychology would be unusually fitted to apprehend the early signs of disintegration in the general environment, and for this reason would be better able to prophesy the unconscious trend of events than those whose firm adhesion to existing forms and conditions renders them somewhat obtuse to the shape of things to come." This is because the archaic elements in the psyche have not only a negative aspect when repressed, but at the same time are closely associated with the dynamic force which, once assimilated and given due honour, is found to contain the healing virtue inherent in the creative impulse that with one hand destroys outworn conceptions and with the other opens the way to the next phase of human progress.

This power reveals itself in many ways, most notably in dreams and visions, and in the process called " active fantasy " which, through the symbolic language they use, provide a channel by which man may establish contact with the same force within himself that in the collective sphere has given rise to the mythological imagery which in all times has served to express the unconscious factors controlling the fate of peoples. It is the rediscovery of this method of direct communication with the creative principle vested in what Jung calls the collective unconscious that is the chief contribution of Analytical Psychology to the individual and religious problems of our day. It is for this reason also that Dr. Baynes chose the significant title *Mythology of the Soul* to describe the present work, based on an exhaustive analysis of the dreams of the two patients already mentioned and of about fifty drawings, some coloured, mostly by the patients themselves but including a few reproductions of Indian and Chinese symbolic designs which point the way to a new synthesis through what he refers to as " the salvage of the lost instinct."

This is the first major work on analytical psychology to be written in this country, and is a notable landmark in the development of this " introverted science."

JOHN LAYARD

Week-end Competitions

No. 545

Set by Graham Bell

There appears each year a new crop of rhyming or pictorial alphabets for children. The usual prizes of two guineas and half a guinea are offered for a topical rhyming alphabet suitable for *New Statesman* readers.

RULES—

1. Envelopes should be marked with the number of the Problem, in the top left-hand corner, and should be addressed to COMPETITIONS, 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1. Solutions must reach the Editor by first post on Friday, July 26.
2. Competitors may use a pseudonym. Typescript is not insisted on, but writing must be on one side of the paper only.
3. The Editor's decision is final. He reserves the right to print in part or as a whole any matter sent in, whether it be awarded a prize or not. MSS. cannot be returned. When no entries reach the required standard no prize will be awarded.
4. No competitor is eligible for more than one prize in any one week.

The result of last week's competition will be announced in our next issue.

The Rt. Hon.

OLIVER STANLEY

M.C., M.P.

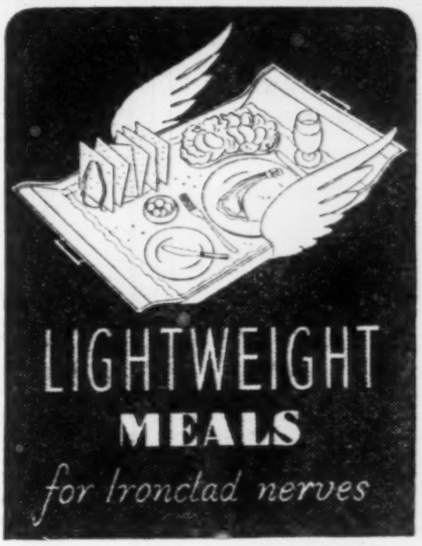
writes:

" The need for such work is greater under present conditions than can be estimated, and I know that the Church Army Institutes and Canteens are very much valued by men of the Services, particularly in times of inactivity, and that they give these men a sense of the nation's care and interest in their welfare."

Many more Church Army Centres and Mobile Canteens are urgently needed to provide for the welfare of our gallant men. Will you lend a hand in this good cause?

Gifts addressed to Preb. Carlile, C.H., D.D., 55, Bryanston Street, London, W.1, will be thankfully acknowledged.

CHURCH ARMY



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RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 543

Set by Peregrine Pickle

Competitors are asked to provide an extract (not more than 20 lines) from *Ode to a Skylark* by Stephen Spender, or *Omar Kkayyam* by T. S. Eliot, or *The Isles of Greece* by W. H. Auden, or *Casabianca* by Gerard Manley Hopkins, or *Oh Mistress Mine* by Ezra Pound, or *Tyger, Tyger* by D. H. Lawrence. The usual prizes are offered.

Report by Peregrine Pickle

Parody is one of the minor arts, and, as an art, more difficult than many people imagine. It needs more than just catching a writer's tricks and putting them all in together; one must catch the accent, too; for to catch the accent is to catch something of the spirit of the parodied writer and it is in this sense that parody has been called a branch of criticism. Modern poetry is popularly supposed to be full of idiosyncrasies and should on that account be an easy subject, but it was rather surprising to find how many entries in this competition seemed to bear almost no relation to their victims. There was a good deal of rough guying, but a mere set of quotations strung against a squalid background is only *Punch's* idea of T. S Eliot. Sweeney, on the other hand, has become a sufficiently public character to produce verses which exist almost in their own right—imitations rather than parodies, such as K. K.'s:

Awake, Awake! The dawn runs up
Maculate banners minatory.
Omar turns up an empty cup
And tells his girl a dirty story . . .

Omar fumbles for a bob
In his sea-shell pink pyjamas
Every heart must have its throb
From Samarkand to the Bahamas.

Or Redling's:

Sweeney underneath the bough
Unpacks the Bass and cheese and bread.
Doris and Donne between them build
Beery Utopias in his head.

Lawrence, too, is superficially easy game—Dark Gods, etc.; but as those who attempted him discovered, his "marvellous wooziness" is difficult to sustain. The best attempts on him were submitted by Muriel Sly, T. R. Little, J. C. B. Date and Ronald Phillips:

It was a he-cat, purring with his marvellous
  maleness,
With his lithe limbs and tensile, arched
  haunches;
In the strength of his stripes I felt the strength
  of the essential male.

Auden, who, I should have thought, offered a fairly easy target, baffled all who attempted him; Spender, too, except for Jennifer Wayne, who was one of the runners-up. Allan Laing, A. T. Bridgeman and R. C. Mason all sent good Hopkins; but E. Lewis was far ahead of them, and I recommend his Hopkins for first prize. The second goes to Muriel Sly for her T. S. Eliot.

CASABIANCA

Look! Look there, alone on the deck—
  While you, waves, wash over
And you, foam, O frightfully lash and fleck
  And, flame, smoke, smother and cover
Him—cauterised half, half-drown'd
  Still he stands (the style of it!) like a lover,
Like lucky a loser, the finer thing found.
  Heavens O above, what a broth of a boy, what
    a brick!
And they, the rest of them,
  Flinched from the flare of the flames.
All, all, the worst and the best of them—
  Never mind now their names—
They read fate in the fierce fire, they fled;
  Fate follow'd them. (Dread destiny who tracks
    and tames
Mere men, us, whomsoever, until we are dead!)
  Ah, little they recked the real tragedy, the true
    test of them.

E. LEWIS

OMAR KHAYYAM

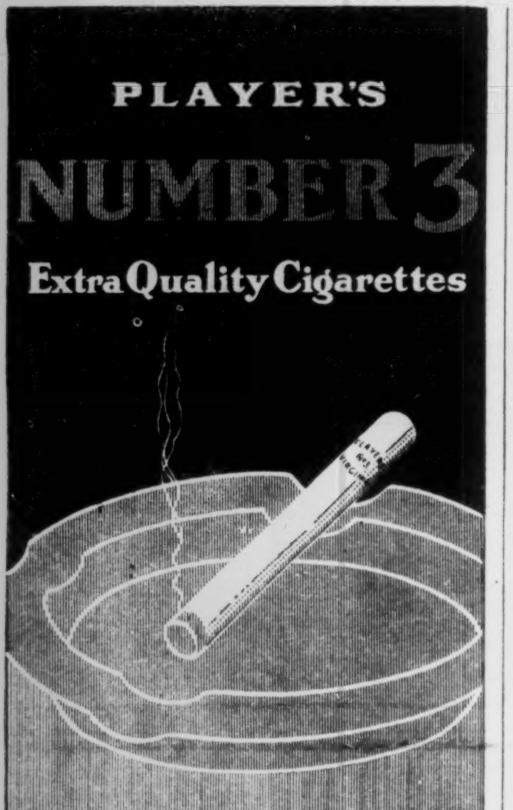
The minutes scrawl and scratch upon the window-
  pane
The minutes scrawl and scratch upon the mantel-
  piece
And the red wine glows in the cup like a rich and
  delectable lady

Extend your hand
Protruded with white bones and withered sinews
(And those blind scavengers that creep and crawl)
Extend your hand
La main attend le lendemain
Extend your hand towards the cup of to-morrow
To-morrow and to-morrow and to-morrow
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day
To the last whisper of mortality
While the minutes scratch and beckon and the
  wine glows red
Spilled on the tablecloth

Lie undisturbed, white bones and withered sinews
Lie undisturbed beneath the cold murmur of my
  feet
And the indeterminate excoriations of day
The minutes scatter and beckon
The red wine glows in the twilight

The last drain of the cup

MURIEL SLY



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AMUSEMENTS

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All seats bookable, 2/6 to 10/6.

QUEEN'S. Ger. 4517. Evgs., 8.15. Mats., Wed., Sat., 2.30.
OWEN NARES. BARBARA MULLEN in
"REBECCA."

STRAND. Mon. to Fri., at 8. (Sats., 5.30, 8.30, Weds., 2.30).
WOMEN AREN'T ANGELS, by VERNON SYLVAINE
ROBERTSON HARE. ALFRED DRAYTON. (Tem. 2660).

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"TILL THE DAY I DIE" by Clifford Odet. Thur. next and Ntly. (incl. Sun., at 8, ex. Mon.) B.O. 11—10. Bay 1551.

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ACADEMY Cinema, Oxford St. Ger. 2981
"NOUS LES JEUNES" (A)
Youth's Quest for Utopia
and RAIMU in piquant comedy
"LA FEMME DU BOULANGER" (A)

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CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS
Rates and all information on page 73

Clear that Cold with
VAPEX
BREATHE THE VAPOUR

THE WEEK IN THE CITY

By CYNICUS

THE STOCK EXCHANGE, THE BUDGET AND THE BLITZKRIEG—ANOMALIES IN PREFERENCE AND EQUITY YIELDS

PICTURE the Stock Exchange as a waterlogged and sinking ship and observe it now struggling between the Scylla of next week's Budget and the Charybdis of Hitler's *Blitzkrieg*. There are some defeatist members of the crew who would like to scuttle the ship without more ado, in other words, close the Stock Exchange. It may be necessary to throw these defeatists overboard before long. The Stock Exchange ship can be saved if drastic measures are taken, but these must include the establishing of minimum prices for equity stocks and the taking over of the jobbers' functions by a financial consortium under Government auspices. Not only have the jobbers ceased to function in the equity markets, but even in the gilt-edged market the existing firms have not the resources to trade in a national debt which is mounting at the rate of over £1,500 millions a year. As for the investor, he is beyond caring whether his pocket is to be invaded by Sir Kingsley Wood next Tuesday or his home invaded by Hitler this Friday. He is ready for both. The Stock Exchange is quite prepared for an increase in income tax from 7*s*. 6*d*. to 9*s*. or even 10*s*., provided the lower income classes are included. Mr. Keynes pointed out in his compulsory savings plan that out of estimated war incomes of £6,075 millions, £3,335 millions belonged to those with incomes below £250 a year, £740 millions to those with £250 to £500 a year and £780 millions to those with incomes above £500 a year. The £250 to £500 group at present hand over the smallest proportion of their incomes in direct taxation, namely, 7.8 per cent. A married couple, for example, with two children, and an income of £400 a year, pay only £11 17*s*. 6*d*. in income tax, that is, an effective rate of 7*d*. in the £. Clearly this group must be asked to contribute more in direct taxation, and Mr. Keynes has long argued that it is no longer justice or wisdom to put the exemption limit of income tax at £250 a year. Another group which should be asked to contribute more is the wealthy trading concerns paying little or nothing in Excess Profits Tax and only 5 per cent. in N.D.C. Why not raise N.D.C. to 25 per cent.? Something like Mr. Keynes's plan for compulsory savings will have to emerge sooner or later. Now that Labour is in the Government, it should no longer withhold its sanction to compulsory savings.

* * *

It is good to know that the Treasury has withdrawn from its obscurantist proposal to withhold figures of the floating debt. Full particulars are now to be given every month (instead of weekly) showing the amount of Treasury Bills, Ways and Means Advances and borrowings from the banks. The omission of these particulars would have made it impossible to discover from the Exchequer returns how far the war was being financed by drawings upon our savings and how far by the expansion of the floating debt. Weekly statements will continue to be made of the receipts from the small savings campaign, the sale of National War Bonds and loans free of interest. The proposal to discontinue the particulars of the floating debt at this critical time was unworthy of the Treasury. Let us at least keep our democratic forms in the financial world, even if we have to surrender some of them in the political!

* * *

According to the Actuaries Investment Index the average yield from British Government long-dated stocks is 3½ per cent., from industrial debentures 4½ per cent., and from industrial preference shares 5½ per cent. These are not unreasonable returns for the first, second, and third mortgages on the industrial earning power of the country, provided the first mortgage can be maintained, by the various Treasury controls, on a 3½ per cent. basis. Averages apart, there are some extraordinary individual discrepancies, particularly in preference shares. While Imperial Tobacco and British American Tobacco 1st preference shares cannot be purchased on better than a 4 per cent. yield basis, Lever 7 per cent. 1st preference and Shell Transport and Trading 7 per cent. 2nd preference shares can be bought at 22*s*. 10½*d*. to yield 6 per cent. The Lever preference are secured on and well covered by the earnings of the English business of the group alone. Probably the same applies to Shell, although the Shell accounts do not give enough detail to prove it. Still fatter yields are offered by Anglo-Iranian preference shares which used to be regarded as first-class:—

	Present Price	Gross Yield % Ignoring accrued interest
Anglo Iranian Oil 8% 1st Pfce.	23/-	7.0
Anglo Iranian Oil 9% 2nd Pfce.	20/6	8.8

When we win this war these preference shares will return to a more normal yield basis, having regard to the fact that they represent the first and second charges on a first-rate industrial property. The Actuaries Investment Index reveals a still more absurd anomaly. If 3½ per cent., 4½ per cent. and 5½ per cent. are fair returns for the first, second, and third mortgages on our industrial earning power, is it not extraordinary that the equities of this earning power should be returning 9 per cent.? It will be difficult to maintain Government long-dated stocks indefinitely on a 3½ per cent. basis if 9 per cent. is obtainable on the equities which lie behind British credit. But before establishing minimum prices for these equities, the market must be put higher, and that will only be done when the insurance companies enter the market together and buy, buy, buy.

Company Meeting

TELEPHONE RENTALS LTD.

CONTRIBUTION TO THE NATIONAL EFFORT

THE Annual General Meeting of Telephone Rentals, Ltd., was held on Monday last at West Dulwich.

Mr. Fred T. Jackson (Chairman and Managing Director) said that in spite of the difficult trade conditions due to the war, all their British subsidiaries, with one exception, had traded at a profit, including the company showing a loss in last year's accounts. With regard to the foreign subsidiaries, both of which operated in countries overrun by the enemy, they had been unable to obtain the final results of their operations for the past financial year, although they knew that they had both traded at a profit and that a dividend would have been forthcoming from at least one of them. In the books of the parent company no value was ascribed to the holdings in these foreign subsidiaries.

During the year a favourable opportunity presented itself for the disposal of the Company's shareholding in an associated company in Australia. The Australian company had been quite successful, but the lines of development were by force of local circumstances rapidly diverging from the lines of development of the parent company's business. The offer received from Australian interests had been accepted, and he thought it would be agreed that the financial result of the transaction was satisfactory.

The dividends received from subsidiary companies showed an increase of over £5,000, and there was a net profit to be carried to appropriation account amounting to £127,367 as against £121,561 for the previous year. A further £30,000 had been transferred to general reserve, increasing it to £200,000, and the directors recommended a final dividend of 6 per cent., making 10 per cent. for the year.

It was impossible for him to emphasise too strongly that the work on which the Company was engaged was of the greatest national importance. The factories with which they were associated were subscribers to the various services supplied by the Company. He could say, without a shadow of doubt, that a breakdown in these services would affect factory output by a very large percentage and to a far greater degree now than would be the case in times of peace. Supplies of apparatus which they installed were difficult, especially just now when factories had to give priority to certain Government work, but after that priority their demands must be filled and they were not doing too badly in the circumstances.

As to the future, progress was largely dependent on the continuance of adequate supplies of apparatus, but he had every expectation that they would be able to ensure supplies of a considerable part of the apparatus they used. It was, however, wise to take a pessimistic view of the position and consider that they might have to curtail their activities. In such circumstances shareholders had to bear in mind the very large revenue the Company had now secured and that a very big proportion of this revenue was derived from subscribers who were engaged directly or indirectly on war work. They might consider justly and soberly on the evidence they had that even if they temporarily ceased to expand, the future of the Company would not be jeopardised or its financial structure impaired.

The report was unanimously adopted.

PURELY PERSONAL

SISTERS and brothers have I none, but that man's father is—smoking one of my King Six Cigars (7½*d*. at all Tobacconists).

VICTORY

An artist's impression of Victoria, the Latin Goddess of Victory.

MUST BE OURS

74,000 died from Cancer last year. Their tragic end should resolve us all to make even greater efforts to combat and defeat the grave menace of this disease.

Here at The Royal Cancer Hospital our resources are being extended to the utmost limits. The work of Treatment and Research, despite the War, continues unabated. But the mounting costs threaten to impede our way to success. Thousands of pounds have to be spent yearly to keep our doors always open to unfortunate sufferers. Will you please help us in this humane task?

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